



*Love to this Temple all true lovers leades  
And all the Charmeing pathes w<sup>th</sup> roses spreads  
Where they with Lawrells & w<sup>th</sup> Hurtles Crowned  
Live always happy and renowned.*



*Love to this Temple all true lovers leades  
And all the Charmeing pathes w<sup>th</sup> roses spreads  
Where they with Lawrells & w<sup>th</sup> Myrtles Crowned  
Live always happy and renowned.*

The ART  
OF  
MAKING  
LOVE:  
OR,  
RULES  
FOR THE  
CONDUCT  
OF  
Ladies and Gallants  
In their AMOURS.

*Nix solùm faciem, mores quoq; confer, &  
artes  
Tantum Judicio, ne tuus obſit Amor. Ov.*

L O N D O N:  
Printed by J. Cotterel, for Richard  
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TO

MADAM F. K.

*Madam,*

**H**OW long will you suffer *Love* to weep? for having spent all his Darts against your Heart in vain, he confesses that he owes to the power of your conquering Eyes a thousand Victories, yet he receives no content from all these Conquests, since you (too too Obdurate Fair one) refuse to grace his Triumph. Behold him at your feet attended by a thousand Kings and Heroes in Chains, begging admittance into your little *Family of Love*; it is there

A 2 he

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

he desires to establish the Seat of a new Empire, and in your Heart to erect his Throne. Dispute, Dispute no longer, most charming Creature, but since Nature has been profuse in giving you all the Graces of Mind and Body, let Love give a finishing hand: without it your Eyes will loose that all-dissolving Sweetness, which melts the most flinty Hearts, and your Vertue will be a little too severe; 'tis Love, Love onely, that gives the last perfection.

Take heed that Cruelty and Injustice doth not Tarnish the lustre of your excellent Qualities; but as your Eyes are the sweetest in the world, so let your Heart be tender; and as your Vertue, Wit, and Beauty has gained you the Title of the *Fair Saint*, be not inexorable to the Vows of him who sighs incessantly for you, and languishes under

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

under the Rigour of a long and  
cruel absence; and by me pre-  
sents you with these Verses.

1.

*Love sits inthrond in fair Aetia's eyes,  
Where he in Triumph reigns,  
Secure of the Victories  
Which he each hour obtains.*

2.

*His Slaves and Captives happy seem,  
And kiss the Chains they wear:  
They wish not Freedom to redeem,  
Nay, nothing more they fear.*

3.

*The poor Almedor onely lyes  
Prostrate with bleeding Heart,  
Wounded by Darts shot from her Eyes,  
Whilst she delays to cure the Smart.*

4.

*O Love! whose Empire is so vast,  
If thou wou'dst universal be,  
To conquer fair Aetia hast,  
And wound her too, as deep as me.*

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

5.  
Then from her Eyes remove thy Throne  
Into her tender Heart,  
Permitting ever me alone  
To share a little part.

*Ah ! Charmant fille, vivre sans  
aimer nest pas vivre, & l'on vit  
seulement quand on aime.*

MADAM,

Your Ladyships

most

Humble Servant

---

TO



TO THE  
READER.

**A** Vertuous and Reasonable Love is so rarely found, that I cannot wonder that it is confounded with Lust; nor to finde so many sharp Invectives against it, since we are apt to mistake one for the other. The Author of Conjugium Conjurgium tells his Friend Philoginus, That Lust is nothing else but what he calls Love; and that all those Allurements of Beauty, Riches, Greatness, Apparel, and Deportment, Looks, Gestures, Discourses, Familiarity, Toying, Fooling, Singing, Musick, Dancing, &c. tend onely to it, to  
excite

## TO the READER.

excite and satisfy it. I am sorry his Friend should be such a Simpleton as to distinguish so ill between 'em : but indeed, I doubt the Author has charg'd a Folly upon him, of which he was not guilty ; for I do not finde that the young Gentleman had any such Conceptions ; and for any thing that I can learn, the Lady he was about to marry was a very Vertuous and a Modest Woman, and a passing good Housewife ; and then he has thrown away his good Advice upon one who stood not in need of it, and shewn himself very extravagant in railing against Marriage in general, after he has said in his Epistle, That there are few Marriages grounded on the immovable Rock of true Vertue ; which implies, that 'tis not improbable, though not common, to find Love and Marriage built upon such Foundations : But he confesses

## TO the READER.

*Justifies himself to be Ictus Piscator, a man who had a Drab to his Wife; therefore we may pardon his indignation against a Sex which hath so much disoblinded him, and yet hope not to be so ill treated.*

*'Tis Ingenuity to confess, that part of this Book is taken from the Gallant Morale of Monsieur Boulanger, which he dedicates to the young Dauphin: the Treatise is like a Gallant of his own Country, clad with a great deal of superfluous and ridiculous Garniture, ends and fragments of Poetry; which the Writer of this, hath stript him of, and hopes, though he hath made it less gaudy, he hath not render'd it less agreeable.*

*You are here taught the way to vanquish Illustrious Hearts, and to glorious Victories; and if you observe his Conduct, though you fail of success, yet the Amorous War.*

## TO the READER.

War will be less expensive than profitable; and if you are forced to retreat, it will always be with honour: and as 'tis said of those Chymists who obstinately pursue their search for the Philosophers Stone, though they never obtain it, yet in their Progress they meet so many pleasant and profitable Entertainments as recompences their Travel.

He permits you not to waste your time in the pursuit of a Wanton, or those foolish Creatures who are captivated by a Song of Nonsense, a *l'air*, with a gaudy Suit of Clothes, or the Charms of some other thing I must not name; the Sir Foplings may continue unrival'd; their Amours, since their Victories are not worth a Stratagem.

He gives you an Image of Love, as it ought to be, such as is consistent with Reason, and may be in-



## TO the READER.

nocently entertained in the hearts  
of the most Brave and Vertuous.  
He erects all his Altars, and pays  
all his Adorations to Venus Ura-  
nia; and all his Sacrifices are im-  
maculate, to which he permits  
none to approach, but with sub-  
missions and respects; nor no  
Vows to be made, but what are pure  
and innocent, as that Divine  
Flame which animates her Ado-  
rers. 'Tis on this chaste Goddess  
that Fortune waits, from whose  
hands a happy Lover receives a  
Crown composed of Laurels and  
of Myrtles: let not therefore the  
most innocent and vertuous Lady,  
or the greatest Heroe blush, or dis-  
dain to avow a Passion which con-  
ducts them to the Temple of Ho-  
nour; but that they may more  
certainly arrive there, let them  
study well the Precepts contained  
in this Book, and they then may be  
assured to be fortunate and happy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
LICENSED,

April 17. 1676.

Roger L'Estrange.

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There is lately published an Ingenious Piece, Intituled *The Courtiers Calling*: Shewing the ways of making a Fortune, and the Art of living at Court, According to the Maximes of Policy and Morality. By a Person of Honour. In 12°. price bound 1 s. 6 d. Sold by Richard Tonson, at Grays-Inne-Gate in Grays-Inne-Lane.

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There are some Errata's in the Book, but the writer says he is too busy to give you A Note of them.

# The ART of Making L O V E:

OR,  
R U L E S  
For the Conduct of Ladies and  
Gallants in their Amours.

---

CH A P. I.  
*Of the nature and power of Love.*

**V**ARIOUS have been the  
Opinions concerning  
Love, that Passionate  
Love I mean, which is only found  
between persons of a different  
Sex; and the mistakes about it,  
have opened the mouths of ma-  
ny wise and religious men against  
it, who speak of it as pernicious  
to Youth, born of Idleness and  
B E a s e,

2      *The Art of making Love.*

Eafe, and nourished by Sloth and Luxury, as a Weed that grows up in youthful mindes which destroys the early seeds of Vertue, and hinders 'em in the pursute of glorious Actions; making no distinction between it and that brutish desire w<sup>ch</sup> we call Lust; with this difference onely, that when our desires are determin'd to this or that person, it is called Love; and when like a Flame driven with the Wind, to which it is compared, it rages every where, and knows no bounds, they give it that other name. From hence it is they abound with Precepts and Cautions to prevent the minds of Youth from being poyson'd, as they term it, with this destructive Passion, forbid the reading of *Romances*, from whence they pretend young Ladies fancies are depraved and debauched, and disposed with ease  
to

to dispence with Duty and Honour, and all other considerations, to follow the fortunes of any spruce and impertinent fool, or desperate ruffian.

I know not what Instances they can produce of these pernicious consequences, or how many examples in those excellent Romances, which are the common entertainment of the most virtuous Ladies: They have been writ as Images of Vertue, and as Representations of the beauty and glory of a Life without blemish: Honour, Generosity, Courage, and Fortitude, and all other qualities, which render a person most amiable, are set off in the greatest lustre, to engage us to pursue the acquisition of them, and to render hateful and detestable the contrary Vices, which are represented with all the deformity and destructive conse-

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quences: but it fills, say they, the minde with extravagant Visions, and imbues the Soul with a foolish tenderness and pity, which makes 'em liable to become an easie Prey to any one, who by flattery and feigned submissions, have the opportunity to insinuate themselves into their company. I answer, That there will always be a number of vain, fond, and indiscreet persons in the World; but how can that be ascribed to the reading of those Books, which the rather help them to discern into the little Arts and Practises of men and women to ensnare each other, acquaint 'em with all the Cajolings and counterfeited Vertues, and teach them to distinguish between the true and false crowning the constant Vertue, after it has taught him patience and fortitude in the Traverses of this life, and leading  
the

the other to Infamy, Confusion, and Disgrace, the consequences of all inglorious actions ?

The greatest enemies to Love are such who are possess'd with contrary Passions : for an old rich Cormorant, when he finds his Son or his Daughter touched by this Passion, he stays not to examine the Merit of the person ; it is nothing to him whether he be Wise, Vertuous, and Valiant : If it cross his designs of Avarice, he labours all he can to chase it from their breasts, and to destroy the early Seed : He raves, and storms, and thunders in his trembling Childrens ears, That Love is a Folly, Weakness, and Madness ; and wants not many Examples of the deplorable effects, and ruinous consequences of it ; confounding a Passion full of Innocence, and grounded upon Vertue, with that of Lust ;

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whose lawless Rage is the cause of all these disasters, which he unjustly charges upon Love : Unjustly I say, for though that inordinate and irregular desire which we call Lust, oft proves calamitous, and the cause of many misfortunes, involving sometimes whole Families in bloud and infamy ; yet without doubt Love, when 'tis grounded upon Reason, works far different Effects, and is that which makes up the Felicity of those in whose breasts that Divine Flame finds entertainment. Of this Love I cannot say any thing too advantageous ; it is the Soul of the Soul of the Soul, the very Source of all our laudable Passions ; it makes us Generous, Brave, Civil, Liberal ; it refines the Wit, and inflames to all worthy Actions. These are the natural Effects, being the means to obtain that

Char.



Charming Object which we love: It sweetens the most Rough and Salvage Tempers, softens the Heart, and renders milde and affable the most Barbarous Dispositions: Without it we have none of those noble Sallies of the Soul, which excite to Heroique Actions, which make us surmount the most difficult Obstacles. Nothing is impossible to Love; it is fruitful in Miracles, and renders all things easie to a Lover, whom at last vanquishes and triumphs over all things; it inflames his desires, excites his hopes, and gives Fire to all those Passions which may advance its Empire.

Those persons whom I have mentioned being prepossess'd with a false Vertue, whereof they make an idol, look upon it as contrary to Heroick Actions, and are so gravely scrupulous, as that they will not suffer it to touch their

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ears: They treat at it as a Chimera, and meer extravagance; and if any friend of theirs become inamoured, they always finde something to reproach him for; with so much blindness and precipitation do they censure what deserves true Elogies, stopping their ears to all justification. But what is the reason of this, but the want of reflection on the means to render it reasonable? for they regard it as a blinde Fury in its greatest violence, and as a Torrent when it is most rapid, without considering that the greatest Fury in its birth, is but a light Passion; and that the Torrent which is most impetuous in its course, is but a Gut of Water in its Source. The same may be said of Love, which in its birth is no other than a light emotion, which is excited in our Souls by the Charm of a beau-

beautiful and pleasing Object, convey'd by the eyes to the heart. If we attack it in that Infant estate, we may easily vanquish it, and reduce it to terms of Reason: yet in this Combate we must regard it as a formidable enemy, and spare neither Force nor Stratagem.

Its power extends over the Universe, and all our other Passions are led Captive by it. It disarms our Fury, changes our Hate, and assumes an absolute Empire over our Wills; which Empire is as universal as that of Death: No Nation, no Age nor Sex, but live under its Laws; and whilst all other Empires have their bounds, Love knows not any. The greatest professors of severe Vertue, have not been wholly exempt from his imperious power; he darts his irresistible Arrows to their Hearts, and renders

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them, one time or other, amorous, maugre all their strivings; and on these Love seems to take its greatest vengeance, because of their resistance.

No Age can plead exemption from its Laws; for if you urge your Youth, Love will tell you, That he's a Boy, and yet has given his heart to his Dear *Psyche*; and if you demand other Examples, he will let you see a thousand, who in their Infancy have been taught to give obedience to its power.

If you plead Old age, and would excuse your selves by that, he will shew you a thousand amorous Old men, who will tell you, That Old age is most proper for a reasonable Love, & who will say to you with a brisk and not ungallant Voice, *In our Amours you discern nothing of the Coldness of Age: 'Tis in young hearts that*

*that Love creates too great transports; when we love, our Tears augment our Wisdom, and render us more submissive, more discreet, ardent, and more constant.*

Thus we may see that Love exercises its Empire upon all men, of what Age and Condition soever they be; so extensive is its Empire, and so uncontrollable is its Power.

This may admonish us how difficult it is to subject it to our Reason. If we do not oppose its growth even in its birth, and use our greatest efforts to regulate it, nothing is more subtle, crafty, and insinuating, than Love; for its Address is as great as its Force, and it hath the art to vanquish us by our own arms: for if we oppose our other Passions to it, which are the best Arms we have, Reason onely excepted, it: seizes.

seizes upon them straight by an admirable Dexterity, and turns them against our selves; and there is not one who in this Combate will not betray us, turn Renegado, and range it self on the part of Love whensoever it pleases. Thus it extends its Empire every where; it raigns in Heaven, and in all the Regions of the Air, Earth, and Sea; the Plants themselves are sensible of its power, and, in short, all things that are Mortal must be subject to Love and Death.

That which begets most Astonishment is, that Love has the power and address to serve it self with all our Passions, and to convert to the same use even things that are most contrary to it. It makes not onely use of our Desires, but also even of Aversion, and our flight from the Object loved, which are opposite  
to

to it, for the same designe. It is in vain that we believe to vanquish Love, in flying the sight of the Object which we finde amiable in spite of us; and we had need well consult our selves, before we resolve to deprive our eyes of the sight of it, to the end to tear out the Picture that Love has graved in our heart.

That same Heart, which sighs under its Tyranny, and which we desire to infranchise, will tell you sighing, that it will rather take part with Love than against it; and that absence will but onely increase its sufferings, and enslave it more. No, no, this flight will not cure the Amorous Wound: the Darts of Love stick in the Wounds of miserable Lovers; and the more they chafe, and the faster they fly away, the Wounds become more mortal.

For that Passion which we  
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call

call Hope, it does not onely give aid to Love as the other, but it is even the Throne of Love, where it appears with most Pomp and Lustre, from whence it shoots its most inevitable Darts. It is by this Passion it finishes the most glorious Enterprizes, and by which it preserves its Conquests; it entirely captivates us to Love, and it is so fearful that we should break its Chains, that it flatters us incessantly with a thousand Sweets; and it is so ingenious in the important services it renders to Love, that it flatters a Lover into the most gross deceipts. This is the great Consolation of miserable Lovers, and even by its help alone they are encourag'd to such a constant pursuit, as at last overcomes the most rebellious heart.

Despair also ranges it self on the side of Love; for it is so ingeni-  
ous.



ous and so malicious together, that it lets us see that we love in vain; and yet seduces us so craftily with the Charms of a false Glory, and spurs us on to a ridiculous Generosity, to think our selves happy to die for an insensible Ingrate, who laughs at us all the time of our Love and Death, yet in making this Resolution we believe we merit a Crown.

Courage is no less of the party of Love; for Love first imprints this great Maxime in our Spirits, That the most fair, love always the most brave.

Fear, though it be contrary to Courage, yet it is no less of the party of Love, and is no less serviceable to Love than it, when that Sovereign of the Passions ordains it: and most Lovers confess every day, that their fears are onely an excess of Love. Consider these, timorous Lovers, when they

they approach those surprizing Beauties which charm them, they find themselves speechless, they sigh, and almost found away, and dare not lift up their eyes, or open their mouths, to regard them, or to complain, nor even to sigh; so much they are affraid to offend these visible Divinities which they adore.

It is true, that Fear is so intirely submitted to Love, that when it pleases, it begets that Passion in the heart of the greatest Heroe; and he who has seen without the least Consternation the fall of Empires, has yet trembled at the presence of her he adores.

Yet nevertheless this Fear is not of the kind of those servile Fears, which make men tremble for themselves: Fears so base, enter not into those great hearts, they are onely for the Object loved, for whose sakes they readily

dily throw themselves into the greatest Perils.

It is this Passion that Love make use of to establish its Empire: for perswading these undaunted Spirits, that the Object loved measures always the grandeur of their Passions by that of the fear they ought to have for the safety of what they love; it makes them forget their own, and makes them tremble, maugre all their Courage, to testifie the excess of their Love, and to augment by that, that of the person beloved.

It doth not onely make them forget their proper safety, but also the care of their Reputation in many occasions, and makes them prefer the care to save the person beloved; to all other cares which regard their Honour. It was for this reason, that the great *Pompey* refused to combat *Cæsar*,  
and



and at the expence of his Reputation he deferr'd a Battel, on which depended all his Fortune and all his Glory, till he had render'd out of danger what he lov'd above himself. It was at this time onely that *Pompey's* courage abandon'd him, and fear made the Husband of *Cornelia* tremble. 'Tis in the like occasions that Love made us see the prodigious power that it hath over us, by that ingenious Address that it hath to make use of our Passions against our selves: and certainly that Power and that Address are equally admirable and charming, when they are the cause or the effect of a *Reasonable Love*.

Respect, which is a Species of that timorous Passion, and which may be call'd a Noble fear, confirms all that I have said. And it is by this that Love doth most extend its Empire.

This

This Respect augments with Love, and with the fear we have for the person beloved. In short, we see every day, that he who strives not to please by Respect, and principally at Court, where Love is most reasonable and most refined, never succeeds in his Amours.

This Respect is the very Source of all Love's power, and it may be truly said, that without it that Love is not capable to make those glorious and difficult Conquests which it Atchieves.

It is that which we observe when Love attacks those hearts whose scrupulous Vertue being sensible of their weakness, fears the sight of those Lovers which press them; for then these equally severe and tender Souls finde themselves in a very pitiful estate; sometimes they fear to give ear to their Sighs, because they finde  
them.

themselves too weak, without running the risque of engaging their hearts; and other times they are equally affraid to appear inhumane. If they refuse to hearken to them, it is because they believe that there is too much rigour in such a Refusal; yet at last they finde themselves constrained to be pitiful, insomuch that their hearts are engaged insensibly by that inquietude. As soon as they perceive they love that which they fear, their hearts complain of them, and making at once reflection on what it suffers in this hard Combate, it cannot forbear sighing. Love, which makes all these Attacks, is astonish'd with this resistance, and may be would carry his Attempt no farther, if he did not serve himself of Respect; which he makes appear to the Attaqu'd heart in the eyes of her Lover, whose looks are so  
ani-

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animated with Love, that in a moment Respect triumphs over her heart, maugre all resistance, and thus renders Love victorious.

See the true Picture of this Combate, and of this Victory, made by one of these fearful and scrupulous Ladies.

*I wou'd, and straight I wou'd not ! thus I  
rout*

*Uncertain thoughts in my unquiet Soul.  
To his Complaints and Sighs to stop my  
Inhumane and too rigorous appears. (ears,  
When he his Love and Sufferings doth  
confess,*

*My Heart doth melt with too much ten-  
derness :*

*Then sighing straight I do my self accuse,  
Yet think't unjust my pity to refuse.*

*At last his Love joyn'd with a deep Re-  
spect,*

*Extrays my Thoughts, and does my Heart*

It is so true, that the chief power of Love consists in this Respect, that when a Lover be-  
haves

haves himself in a manner full of Respect before one of these fair severe ones, it seems to her-that such a Lover intends with all her Enemies to betray her, and to vanquish her. So much does she finde her self attacked in all the places of her Heart: In that thought, and in that Assault, she findes she wants the force to resist him; and she abases her self even to conjure this respectuous Lover, to affront and to provoke her hate; so much she findes her self pressed by the violence of his Respect.

*Ab! Tircis cease, cease, I desire,  
Do not against my Peace conspire.  
Banish Respect, me Cruel call,  
Reproach, Affronts, and still against me rail,  
And say I'm proud, fantastical and vain:  
This soon will mitigate my pain.  
Then I shall yet be Mistress of my Will,  
And able to resist thee still. (will rise  
Spare me the Shame and Blushes which  
Into my Face and Eyes,                    When*



*When thou compelt me to disclose  
My Weakness, and my Troubles to expose;  
For when thou sighst, alas, I feel a smart,  
And Pity steals into my yielding Heart.*

Fear does not onely beget Love, which makes use of it not onely to introduce it self into a Heart, but also by its means Love establishes it self there, and secures it self from being despoyl'd of the Fruit of its Victories.

It is by dissembling this Fear, that a Lady who loves, and is unwilling to loose her Servant, tells him trembling, That she would not for all the world any should know her tenderness for him. She caresses him onely in secret, to the end he may esteem her favours greater. Thus she awakens by this Fear and Circumspection, which she feigns, the Fires which else might die without it, because that then that abused Lover sets so much a greater value upon her Favours

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vours and Caresses, as they cost him more dear, and are given more rarely and in secret. This is most usually practised by the expert Miss of the Town, who always paints an Image of Fear upon her Face, to increase the price of her Favours, which else might be neglected.

It is then certain, that the fear which ought to defend us against Love when it is not reasonable, forsakes us as the other Passions, and flies over to the party of Love whensoever it pleases.

*Choler*, which by reason of its Transport seems most contrary to Love, fails not to accord with Love, and to take part against us when it pleases.

And certainly if Love be ingenious in managing all our other Passions against us, he shews an Art wholly admirable in the use of this. See how he works when  
he

he sees a Lover who believes himself betrayed by his Mistress, and who with a just despite comes to reproach her Levity and Inconstancy ; he is so affraid that this Captive should break his Chains, that he quickly has a recourse to Choler ; he blows it into the heart of that fickle Mistress, making her do all the extravagant Actions that Rage and Despair can inspire into a Lady who loses all that she loves. By this feign'd Choler he imprints so tender a pity in the heart of that abused Lover, that he becomes more amorous than ever : and if his Friends reproach him with his Weakness, he answers, That he cannot return her less than Love for the marks of a Love so great ; & exaggerates a thousand furious actions that he hath seen this despairing Lady do, by which he suffers himself to be entirely re-

enslaved beyond redemption.

Behold how Love serves it self of this Passion, to make us love even more violently than we ever did ! for by these Quarrels which happen betwixt Lovers, Love re-enforces it self; and there seems a new birth of it in the heart of him who accuses, when the accused justifies her self : for what disorder soever Reproaches produce betwixt Lovers , the Criminal finds Pardon a sweet Remedy, which is always attended by some new Favours. In short, there is nothing so ravishing and so sweet to a Lover, after a transport of Choler against his Mistress which he believes unfaithful, than to see her in pain to appease him, and to give good reasons to excuse an imaginary offence , and to wipe her eyes with her fair hand, and to pay his unjust Tears by a thousand fresh favours.     It

It onely remains that I speak of *Joy* and *Grief*, to let you see that Love is absolute Master of all our Passions when it pleases, I mean when we do not subject it to our Reason.

If we consider that *Joy* is no other thing than the fruition of an agreeable Good, which renders the Soul content, and which interdicts the use of Desire, as well as of Sorrow and Fear; it onely suffices to make us conceive the true *Idæa* of it, and to promise us the enjoyment, to engage us to whatsoever it pleases. This Love is not wanting in, and it knows so well how to represent that *Idæa* in so charming a manner, that it bewitches our eyes, and forgets not to tell us in making us see that agreeable Image of Pleasure, that it is the end of all things; it fails not to shew us that it arrests the violence

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lence of our Desires, and constrains all our wandring Passions to taste repose, which are not to be found but in it; that it sweetens our Anger, and takes away the fierce Humour which accompanies it; and that it is it self the recompence of all those long Travels which we suffer in its acquiescence: that it chases away Fear, and banishes all those vain Terrors which disquiet our Souls: it banishes also Despair and Sorrow; and if it still retain Tears and Sighs, it is as spoils which publish its Victory, and which honour its Triumph. In short, it lets you see that Pleasure is all you wish, and all you want; and it promises you the enjoyment with so apparent certainty, that it is impossible not to render yourselves, when it attacks you by its utmost power.

But though it does not finish  
this

this Conquest onely by that Charming Idæa, yet since it knows how to expose it in so attractive a manner, that it is almost impossible not to be seduced, as soon as it represents to our eyes and fancies the sole Image of the places where it makes us taste these Delights.

It is by these Arts that Love conceals the true Torment in which it makes us languish when we take not the pains to render it reasonable, which we ought to do before we permit it entrance into our Hearts; for if we do not, but suffer it to become our Master by its finesses, it makes such a ravage in our Souls, as nothing in the World is in so deplorable a state, as that to which it will reduce us. It is a certain truth, and whereof we cannot doubt, if we will believe those who have fallen into its Nets; for

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in recounting this pitiful History,  
they will tell you in a very miserable Tone :

*With Lightning and with Thunder armed,*

*Love first my Sense alarmed.*

*He straight a Victory did pursue,*

*And did my feeble Will subdue.*

*My Reason then after a weak dispute late.*

*Render'd my heart ! Thus Love was abso-*

*Then I beheld my breast*

*In every part possess'd*

*With torturing Fears,*

*Anxieties and Cares ;*

*With lingring hopes and strong desires*

*Which burn'd with raging Fires,*

*With day and nights Inquietudes,*

*And numerous broods*

*Of vain Displeasures, and of long Regrets*

*Which hourly gnaw and fret*

*My breast with Languors & Impatiencies,*

*With vain Distrusts, Despairs, and short*

*Despites,*

*Which in my Soul tumultuously arise,*

*And all my Rest and Peace do sacrifice.*

*Thus doth Tyrannick Love my heart infest,*

*And plunders it of all Repose and Rest.*

If



If we blame these unfortunate Gallants for being so seduced by this unregulated Passion, they quickly excuse their Weakness, by the force and crafts of that agreeable Imposture, and paint to you all the false Pleasures which it promises.

As to the Passion of *Sorrow*, it is no less serviceable to Love in the finishing its Conquest; and what is most admirable, it makes use of this Passion in a hundred different manners for the same designe, that is to say, to subject us to him in despite of our selves and the assistance of our Reason.

When he sees that a fair and insensible Lady will not admit him into her Heart, and that he hath put in practise unprofitably all his Wiles, he at last has recourse to this Passion, and from its aid obtains what he desires.

He sweetens the disconsolate and despairing Lovers Sorrows, and perswades him that Pity will at last vanquish his obdurate Mistress ; by which means he makes him endure all his Sufferings with satisfaction, and pursue it through a million of Pains and Torments, which at last vanquish the Heart, which was thought invincible.

Yet though the Empire of Love be as vast as that of the World, and that all men without exception are his Subjects, and that by his Craft he renders himself Master of all our Passions ; yet this is but a part of the Power of this agreeable Tyrant ; so many Stratagems he has to vanquish us : for there is one great Art more, by which Love seduces us, that is, to disguise it self under the mask of Friendship, by which it surprizes and captivates us before we are aware.

For

For this Disguise gives a free Access; it shews it self in a thousand places where Love dares not appear, if it were known: And as there is no person who receives not joyfully this Friendship into their hearts, so there is no Heart prepared against the Artifice of this disguised Traytor. Behold the Description of one of these Disguisements, and of one of the Conquests which Love made under the name of Friendship.

*Friendship and Love with their Parade  
Rambl'd one night in Masquerade  
At Celin's house, where at the Ball  
They did attract the eyes of all.  
Young, like a Damafel brisk and trim,  
Friendship appear'd, whilst Love came in  
Dress'd like an humble Maid, all Modesty,  
With blushing Cheeks, and down-cast Eye.  
Charms, Joys, and Graces followed closely  
after  
With Cares, and Fears, mingled with  
Sports and Laughter.*

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*The Maskers soon were by their Train be-  
tray'd ;*

*But which was Love, there still a doubt  
was made.*

*Friendship was rudely us'd in this Dis-  
guise ;*

*Each timorous Nymph from her Acquain-  
tance flies.*

*Chloriscr'd, Piss, Celinda come not near,  
And all her dangerous Company did fear.*

*Love, with Success far different, was  
crown'd ;*

*He was by every one encompass'd round.*

*Under this Mask, their hearts be Cap-  
tive made,*

*Who did too late discern they were be-  
tray'd.*

There is one thing more which  
Love makes use of with success,  
and that is Gold ; for he sees few  
persons refuse their Heart, when  
that rich Metal demands it. For  
this Reason it is said, That Gold  
is the Vanquisher of Women, and  
by consequence all the Powers  
of the Earth, since the power of  
that

that beautiful Sex hath not yet found limits in the whole extent of Nature.

In fine, there is nothing in the World which is not of the party of Love, and whereof he does not dispose at his pleasure, against those who resist him: and by consequence, there is no power so dreadful as his; for if we consider his Empire, it is as large as the Universe; and if we regard his Subjects, we shall see amongst them as many Kings and Heroes as in all the Earth; and if we make reflection upon all within and without us, we can spy nothing that is not ready to assist Love in its Conquests. From hence we may see, that it is not easie to reduce Love to a submission to our Reason, to effect which, we stand in need to engage all our Force and Wit.

## CHAP. II.

*The means to submit Love to Reason.*

**I**F we would subject Love to Reason, we must surprize and arrest it whilst it is still in our eyes, to the end that we may consult our Reason before it go too far; and the better to know it, and to stay it in its passage, we must know how it makes its first entrance, and what it is we feel when it makes its nearer accesses to the Heart; of which it will quickly become Master, if we be not as subtile as it, and prevent its progress.

When we observe something rare, which we cannot express in a beautiful person, we at present regard it with attention,  
only.

onely to content our curiosity. This is the first stage that Love makes, thence it glides into our Eyes with the charming *Idea*. At the first view the Object appears onely agreeable, and onely gives a simple desire to know what it is: when we have learn'd this, our Curiosity augments, and desiring to learn more, we carefully seek the means to speak to her, that we may see whether her Spirit and Conversation answers to her Beauty. Having tried her Wit, and gained some knowledge of her humour, we begin to have a more than ordinary complaisance for her: we feel a secret pleasure when we see and speak to her; which we do so oft, that it becomes so much a custome, that we cannot quit her company without regret: When we part with her, we are pensive, and the Soul without  
per.

perceiving any thing flatters it self by a thousand amusing and delightful thoughts. When we have dallied a few days with these thoughts, we begin to be sensible of something without a name, which begins to trouble our repose: our sleeps, which begin to be unquiet, represent a thousand agreeable Images, which beget many wishes even in our Dreams. 'Tis then we may conclude that our Hearts are no longer our own, but are become Captives whilst we thought them free.

See how Love glides into the Heart through the Eyes, and in what manner it acts to render it self master, when it findes a person who makes little resistance, and who does not dispute its Triumphant Progress, by opposing all the forces of Reason to it. When we perceive our selves  
moved



moved by that first curiosity which fastens our Eyes upon a beautiful Object, let our first thoughts be to distrust our selves, and to hold for an undoubted principle, that there is nothing more cunning or insinuating than that fair Sex; and that there is no kinde of Stratagem which they make use of to make themselves beloved, because in that they place their greatest glory.

With this diffidence we must examinewith care all the draughts of that beauty which begins to charm us; and how extraordinary soever they are, let us not give an entire credit to our Eyes, but imagine that our Senses may be deceivers; and to fortifie our selves in these thoughts, hold for a principle as certain, that there are no Beauties absolutely perfect, or at least  
the

the number is very small.

Let us not therefore presently believe that what we see hath not so much beauty as she appears to have ; let us always fancy that she may have some concealed deformity, which will be too late for us to discover when once our Hearts are no longer in our own possession ; for when the Soul is possessed with that flagrant Passion, the sick Fancy does so unite the scattered perfections , that no imperfections can be visible to an entangled

*Inamarato.*

We must not therefore suffer our selves to be dazled by these surprizing interviews , but preserve our selves free for some time ; and not believe a Beauty all perfect, till we have viewed and examined all things at our leisure.

Yet it is not enough that a  
Wo-

Woman be fair onely to merit our Love ; for there is nothing so frail and changeable as Beauty, nor nothing so fading as its Charms : It is also necessary that the Beauty of the Minde and of the Soul accompany it, if we desire our Loves should be solid, and endure as long as our Lives.

When we finde a Beauty in all things perfect, in which the Sun it self cannot discover the least blemish ; let us reflect that there is nothing so subject to a miserable change as her Beauty : for nothing is so fading, or hath so many Enemies as its Charms. The Sun is its jealous Enemy, and the Fire destroys it : All things in Nature seem to conspire the ruine of the fairest things. This may teach us to make but small account of the Beauty of the Body, if it be not accompanied by that of the Minde. Nature  
wills

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wills, that Roses should endure but for a moment, and Thorns for ever. Hence it is that we see every day a thousand Lovers who mock at those proud Ladies who have onely the beauty of the body for their Portion ; for when their Pride and Vanity swells so high, that they believe all men ought of duty to die for 'em, this unjust Rigour causes those poor Idolaters to return to Reason ; and then perceiving how little incense these fair Inhumanes deserve, there is not one who in his turn will not say in scorn,

1.

*Imperious Beauty, take what care you will,  
Be scornful, and disdainful still ;  
Your Beauty gone, I shall be free  
From this inglorious Slaverie.*

2.

2.

*One scorching Feaver will deface  
Each beauteous Linament and Grace;  
And in that heat which sets you all on fire,  
My ardent flames will soon expire.*

3.

*When once the Roses from your Cheeks de-  
part,  
And Lustre from your Eyes,  
I'll pluck the Thorns out of my Heart,  
And your pass'd Charms despise.*

4.

*In time, that old Physitian Age  
My Torments will assuage,  
Who every day will play the Thief,  
And of your Beauty you bereave,  
Snatching you from the number of the  
Fair,  
And me at once from those who wretched  
are.*

See how these proud ones are  
treated whilst their Beauty flou-  
rishes; but they are more outra-  
geously dealt with when Diseases  
or

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or Wrinkles claps on a frightful and unmovable Vizard on their Faces, 'tis then the Gallants whom they scornfully used will revenge themselves by a thousand Scoffs, Reproaches, and Lampoons.

Thus Beauty changes; and with it all its fond Idolaters; we must not therefore suffer our selves to be captivated, though we finde a Beauty in perfection; but let us examine well whether the beauty of the Soul answer to that of her Body; for 'tis that alone which can entertain Love longest, and will render us the most happy. In short, there is nothing more fading than those Amorous sweets which make the Paradise of Lovers, if they are not refin'd and spiritual; for if they be not, they are more proper for Beasts than reasonable Creatures.

We ought not therefore,  
though

though we finde a person infinitely fair and charming, to suffer our selves to be ensnared by her, if she be not as infinitely *Witty* : for *Wit* makes all the sweets of a reasonable life, and without it Love cannot render us happy, or at least for any long time ; for there is nothing can entertain us long but the Charms of the Minde, which are able to make it endure eternally. *12m*

Yet neither is it enough that we finde as much *Wit* as Beauty in her we begin to love ; we must also learn whether the Soul have as fair qualities as the Spirit and the Body : for if an excellent and unstained Soul, replenished with goodness, doth not accompany those Charms, they serve onely to blinde us, and to lead us to Precipices, where our ruine is inevitable. In short, there is nothing which is not fatal in a beautiful  
Wo-

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Woman, if she be vitious ; and by consequence, nothing which we ought more to detest : We must therefore make a swift retreat upon the first appearances, lest we be caught, and want the power to disengage our selves from the enchantments of that fatal Beauty. Of this, that famous *Greek* presents us an example : And though there are few Ladies which are so dangerous as she, yet there are few who are not Proud, Cruel, Ungrateful, Inconstant, Weak, Vain, and Humorous, if they want Vertue, which onely regulates the Passions, and makes Reason always govern in our Souls.

These defects are not so easily discerned in a Woman as we believe : for all those fair ones have a million of Inventions and Artifices to conceal them ; the principle of which arts is to  
blinde



blinde us, by exposing their fairest qualities, and hiding with care their imperfections. Let us be vigilant in our search, lest we be deluded: for if we be once perswaded by this subtile Art, Love is no longer in the Eyes, it lies already in the Heart, where it plays the Tyrant, and by a force so uncontrollable, that we have no longer power to make any resistance.

A second craft of these fair Deceivers is, that when they see that we do not discover the Hook which they conceal under their false Charms, and that we run after it, they play the cunning Anglers, feign to draw it away, to make us more greedy of the fatal Bait: for after they have given us the first stroke, they know how to augment our desires by delays, little Coldnesses, short Divorces, Amorous Complaints,

plaints, secret Reproaches, and counterfeit Angers.

There are some who exceed these in craft; they have the art to mingle so well sweetness with severity, that a poor Lover spends all his time in the vain pursuit of a Bliss, which he onely tastes in imagination, without ever being weary of his fruitless travel. Sometimes they give him ardent desires mixt with a few sparks of hope; then straight with one haughty look inspire a fear so respectful, that they see their Lovers at once in Ice and Fire; and because they know that Love dies after it is enjoyed, they are so maliciously ingenious, that by little favours, whereof on such occasions they are not thrifty, they nourish the languishing distemper, and never ease or satisfy it.

But amongst the number of these

these beautiful Decoyers of Hearts, none make so many Conquests as those who dissemble a false Devotion, and a counterfeit Vertue: This makes every day new Slaves, and oftentimes the most brave and Illustrious are Captivated by these fair dissemblers; for, under that deceitful Mask, they seduce even the most reasonable persons.

As for those who dissemble by false appearances of Vertue, they have an universal art, able to seduce all mankind. No *Cameleon* takes so many different forms, nor *Proteus* who assumes so many different shapes, to allure an innocent heart, and a man of an easie belief as these dissemblers. The very shadow of a Vice offends her scrupulous modesty; she dissembles an extream coldness for all her Servants; and feigning to neglect the making Conquests, she flies  
D all

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all places and entertainments of Love : and to render our desires more vigorous and curious, she exposes her self as little as she can to view. She counterfeits always a modest air, and a sober and prudent deportment, and seems to be ignorant in the use of her Charms : When an intoxicated Lover makes his address to her, and is about making a declaration of love to her, she imposes silence on him, and for a while she will by no means give any audience to him : This increases his respect, and preserves the dignity of the Throne of Love. She feigns to be as ignorant of his Language, as if he came from a forrain Nation ; and under an innocent face, this crafty Mistress shews her art by her seeming stupidity : and in short, she assumes the air and fashions of a meer Novice, and counterfeits  
igno-

ignorance of an art which is all her study.

Behold part of the Artifices of these false and pretending Vertues; they conceal all their Defects, by which, as I have said, they endanger the wisest persons: but upon the least appearance, or the least conjecture that you have of their disguisements, fly them as much as you would do a Bed of Flowers full of Serpents: And the better to succeed in so wholesome a designe, consider of the danger that lies concealed under so much Artifice; and to fortifie you in this glorious Resolution, be always perswaded that these fair counterfeits will at least but give you a false pleasure; for to speak with the Proverb, you will finde upon the credit of a long Experience,

*Que le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandel:*

Your Game is not worth your Candle.

There is not one Evil which these capricious Creatures make us not endure ; and the ills they make us suffer are such real ones, and so infinite in number, that there is scarce one of their Servants who is not incessantly upon Racks and Tortures : for besides all their other precious Qualities, they are so insolent and humor-some, that they will not believe they are beloved, if the miserable infatuated Wretches do not always look pale and languishing, and three or four times a day attempt to Hang or Drown themselves ; or at least perpetually tear their poor Hearts with *Hey-Ho's* , and if the very shadow of a suspicion doth not give them a thousand Alarms : they will always needs have 'um distrustful and jealous without cause, sigh without ceasing , and never be content with them or with themselves.

selves. They carry their extravagancy yet farther; they never believe themselves fair, except they wash themselves in the Tears of these unhappy men; and think they offend their false Vertue, if they are not cruel every moment. If you demand these miserable Lovers how they pass their daies, there is not one who will not say, in an Accent that will make you pittie him,

*Nor Night or Day brings a relief,  
Or intermission to my grief.  
Equally both are hateful grown;  
No ease I finde  
To my distracted minde,  
But careless I walk in solitude alone;  
No joyes I taste, but Savage am become,  
And in a WilderNESS of doubts I roam,  
Tortured by fears which give me no repose,  
Nor will permit my weary eyes to close.*

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2.

*Base and inglorious is that Passion sure,  
Which makes me tamely thus endure  
A thousand base indignities,  
Whilst I must think my self oblig'd  
By her disdain,  
And humbly thank her for the pain  
Which she creates who doth my flame de-  
spise.*

But that which is more funest  
than all this miserable life, is, that  
since Love transforms us as often-  
times into the person beloved;  
so he who is caught in the Toyls  
of a person capricious and un-  
faithful, will become like her un-  
faithful, and humourfome; and  
so both the Lover and his Mistriss  
do nothing all their lives but tor-  
ment one another, and all their  
comfort is in doing injurysto each  
other, and in making reciprocal  
reproaches: This makes them the  
sport and contempt of all that  
know



know them; for in breaking publickly their Chains, they complain to all the World of the indignities they have endured, and curse the fatal day in which with so little Glory they submitted to such feeble Charms, and to such a dishonourable Vassalage.

It is thus, that those who abandon themselves to Love without consulting Reason, finde themselves constrained to confess their blindness and error with shame to all the World; and that they are fallen from those hopes which they had too lightly and vainly conceived; and that they are weary with their long-suffering: and there is nothing more shameful than for a man to be reduced to publish himself that he hath trifled away his time in the pursuit of a Woman without merit, and at last to be obliged

to renounce the faith he has once given with a thousand Oaths never to insinge.

For to what shameful extremity must he be reduced, who to become free, must become guilty of a base crime? since there is none more great than the breach of that faith which we have so solemnly given.

It is therefore, as I have said, not onely necessary to know whether they have Wit, but also to be assured that the beauty of the Soul is replenished with goodness equal to that of the Body; and if you finde the least defect in that, flie their presence as you would a Monster, and mock at that Beauty which is not attended by Goodness and Vertue: and the more surprizing and charming these *Syrens* are, stand more upon your guard, and suffer not your Velves to be vanquished.

quished by those by whom it is a shame to be conquered.

Behold the dangerous consequences of an imprudent Love, to oblige all those who have Reason, to make use of it against its allurements: be not therefore wanting to consult and to follow the Precepts I have given; and let it be done quickly, before Love has made its progress from the Eyes into the Heart; and let it not pass so far, without the strictest scrutiny into the nature and quality of it: for when it is there, how well soever it be disguised, it will be in vain to call Reason to your succour: and if you should attempt to turn out that turbulent Stranger, you will finde it as much in vain and ridiculous, as if a Moor should mask his Face to avoid the raies of the Sun, which can do no injury to his sooty complexion.

Follow then the Precepts which I have given: as soon as you are smitten by an extraordinary Beauty; examine at leisure whether she has not some concealed Deformity. If you finde her perfect in Body and Minde after you have considered her a long time, and be well assured that they are not appearances; then you may believe that Reason permits you to love, and will take the Conduct of it; then you may submit your self without acting any thing against your Glory, and may expect nothing but Happiness from it; for that Love which is guided by Reason, is never followed by Sorrows or Regrets: Secrecy, Constancy, and Discretion, will attend your happy Flames; and though it be always vehement, yet it will always act regularly, and without extravagance. Thus conserving  
your

your mutual Flames always in a just heat, you will be always happy, and always amorous, and you will never have reason to blush at so fair and laudable a Passion.

And though such a Lover should not be successful in the Conquest of the Heart he does besiege, yet such a Vertuous Lady is always just and reasonable, and a Lover cannot be dissatisfied: for behold what her Conduct is; If she grant nothing, she permits a Lover to hope all things: all the Ills she causes may be well endured, since she pities them: her very Refusals displeases him not: she is neither easie, nor too severe: she nourishes both his Hope and Desire, and knows the Secret to make her self Mistress of Souls: she kindles the Fire, and feeds the Flame, but never suffers either the Favours which she bestows, nor the

Ills

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alls the makes him endure, to go  
to excess.

Thus a Reasonable Lover is in  
perpetual repose ; and in lieu of  
Complaints and Reproaches,  
which other Lovers do constant-  
ly load their Mistresses with, he  
on the contrary has nothing to  
return her but Thanks and Prais-  
es.

It is thus that Lovers who go-  
vern themselves by Reason, taste  
a thousand Sweets in the way to  
a happy Island, where all their  
Desires are crowned.

Love is an Island where all Pleasures  
grow,  
And Streams of Joy perpetually do flow ;  
Princes and Peasants equally do bend  
Their Courses hither, where their Travels  
end.  
Eternal Spring doth crown the verdant  
Fields  
With Flowers, and every day new Plea-  
sures yields.

Here

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Here no rude Storms the Blossoms do de-  
stroy,  
No Winds but Sighs, no Showers but  
Tears of Joy.  
The Skie in brightest Azure doth appear,  
And not one Cloud is seen through all the  
year.  
The amorous Birds flutter from tree to tree;  
And Love's the Subject of their Harmony.  
The Brooks with pleasing murmurs do  
delude.  
Our Thoughts, and render sweet our so-  
litude.  
Each Grot, each Bower, and every Mirtle  
Grove  
In this fair Isle, is consecrate to Love.  
A happy Lover here doth feel no pain;  
He meets no rigour nor unjust disdain.  
Celia is always kind, and always fair,  
And all her Sweets doth with Amyntas  
share.  
All things to his content do here con-  
spire,  
No cross events doth frustrate his desire:  
But when all Storms are overblown and  
past,  
A thousand unknown Sweets he drinks at  
last.

See

See the beauty of this Charming Island where all reasonable Lovers are Crowned, where they taste the Pleasures which never finish but with their lives ! And it is in this place that they see themselves at the height of their Glory & Felicity; and they know so certainly that this Glory and Felicity will endure eternally, by the knowledge that they mutually have of their Vertues, that they desie without fear both Heaven and Earth ever to trouble it : also all their Words serve onely to exprels that common joy, and that common assurance.

It is not without reason that such Lovers boast of the eternal duration of their Love : for that Beauty of which they are reciprocally amorous, that is to say the beauty of the Soul and of the Minde, whose brightness receives



a new splendor from the Body ; never changes ; no Malady ever renders them displeasing to each other : They are agreeable till death, and Death it self receives a lustre from their mutual Loves.

In effect, the death of these rare Beauties hath nothing hideous ; one may take it rather for a sweet Sleep, than for a true Death ; one cannot call it Pale-ness : what we see upon the Cheeks of these dying fair ones, it is rather such a colour as we see in a clear Night, when the Sun retires his Rays : Their eyes become even then dangerous ; the Fire burns even when it is about to be extinguished ; and as the Sun eclipsed ceases not to be dangerous and ill to our sight, the same may be said of these dying Eyes, the Sparks which fall from them have both brightness and heat ; and I doubt not  
but

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but they will be able to kindle a Fire in a Heart into which any of them happens to fall.

By this one may judge of the power of these fair Eyes when they are in their greatest lustre and vigour, especially when Wit and Virtue contribute to their Victories. It is thus then that these Fair ones attaque us, and which oblige us at the sight of their victorious Arms to render our Hearts, if we would that our defeat be glorious, and our Chains worthy of us; and if we would arrive at that charming Island of which I have spoken, in which Lovers taste inconceivable Pleasures, and Joys of an eternal duration.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

*Of the qualities which a Lover ought to possess, to make him capable to please, and to render himself beloved by his Mistress.*

**B**Efore I speak of the qualities which may render us amiable to these reasonable fair ones, which onely deserve to be truly beloved, it is necessary to know precisely what Love is.

*Love*, to define it well, is a general alienation of the person who loves; it is a Transport without Contract, and without hope of return; by which we give our selves entirely, and without any reserve, to the person beloved: It is a sweet extasie,  
by

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by which the Soul ceases to live in the Body which it animates, for to live in that which it loves. From hence it follows, that a person who loves passes into the person beloved, and assumes in his imagination, in his Minde, and in his Heart, a new and particular being; which two Lovers mutually do, when Love is reciprocal: and thus, being united by Reason, they live in one another intellectually. This being so, it follows, that to become the moiety of an Illustrious Heart, that is to say, to be beloved of a person of merit, it is necessary that our Heart be Illustrious also, and that we possess as much merit as that admirable person, otherwise these two Hearts can never make that charming Union which makes all the delights of mutual Love.

The first thing then, that we

we ought to do; is to love her by whom we desire to be beloved again; for though by a prodigy she may love us without seeing herself beloved, her Vertue will disavow her Heart, and she will disapprove it as a crime the greatest that can be committed: for it is a Maxime among all extraordinary persons of that fair Sex, *That Love onely is the reward of Love.*

But it is not enough that we love, but also that our Love be perfect: when you do this, you want not the principal means to vanquish her. This will give a softness to all our Words, a languishing sweetness to our Eyes, which will not fail to gain credit with the most inexorable Beauty.

This Rule being certain, that there is nothing more necessary to make our selves beloved, than to have

have Merit, and to love perfectly ; it remains onely that I teach in what true Merit consists.

First, we ought to hold it for an undoubted Principle, that it lies in our own power to acquire this Merit ; for if it be above our forces, those which want it by reason of the want of power, cannot be disdained without Injustice : and from hence it is easie to conclude, that Merit consists not in the gifts of Fortune, because Fortune it self depends on Destiny, or to say better, of Chance ; it follows onely its Decrees, and dispences onely her Favours according to her own Capricious humour. It wants eyes to consider the beauty of those who implore her, and ears to hear the charming words of those who employ them to invite her.

This true Merit therefore consists

sists not in the goods of Fortune, since they are not in our power: This true Lovers know so well, that instead of searching after them, they demonstrate a publick and perpetual contempt of them; and not onely so, but as soon as they love, they swear to quit all their Fortune for their Mistriſs.

In short, the Favours of that capricious Fortune were so little worthy of the esteem of a man of Merit, that there are many who have rejected them from the number of Moral Goods: for Riches have no other value than what Opinion gives them: besides, Merit hath this property, that it gives a Lustre to him who possesses it, whereas Riches are never serviceable to him who hath the possession, but are onely enjoyed at the point when he parts with them. By consequence

Riches

Riches cannot make a Lover be beloved of these extraordinary persons ; for Merit ought to be something within us, and which we have acquired our selves.

Birth has no greater advantage than Riches, in its pretensions to true Merit : for, as I have said, Merit depends on our Will, but on the contrary our Birth is the effect of Chance : a Coat of Arms, or the Grandeur of a Family, makes not Merit : and as Eagles are produced in Deserts, Reptiles may be ingendred in Palaces ; and whilst the highest Mountains are curs'd with an eternal Barrenness, the fertile Valleys flourish with Palms and Cedars.

It is not then from our extraction that we derive our Merit : Our Illustrious Ancestors contribute little besides their Examples to make us vertuous ; nay, we may become quite contrary to them  
in



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in our Inclinations and Lives. This is so true, that Love it self treats Kings and Shepherds in the same manner. Yet think not that Love is the cause of any base Condescension ; no, it is so far from that, it raises the least perfect, to equal the other. It is in this noble Designe that he makes the most perfect of these Lovers to speak in this manner to them they love, to inflame them to the Acquest of those Illustrious Qualities , that they may entertain and discover their Flame without blemishing their Glory.

*Since Love commands, whose Power's above controul,  
That both should have one Thought, and both one Soul,  
Exalt thy Thoughts equal to mine,  
Which cannot without shame descend to thine :  
My Vertue then do thou embrace,  
It will the meanest of thy Birth efface.*

Thus

Thus Love by Merit equals two persons of a birth so very much opposite, and unites them maugre all this opposition.

Behold how Love hath no regard to Birth ! and as that Love whereof I speak is caused, and nourished onely by true Merit, so I have made it appear that Merit consists no more in high Extraction than in Riches.

There are some who set a value upon nothing but Wit, and stoutly maintain, that in it alone true Merit doth consist; but these abuse themselves as well as the other, and for the same reason : for we see so many persons without Wit, and who yet desire and pretend to have it, that it is evident that it depends no more of us than Birth or Riches, and consequently does not make this true Merit. Some persons we see, who scarce have a grain of  
good

good sence, whom we would judge have been made of the very dregs of Matter, and you would say there is not one spark of this Celestial fire in their Constitutions. There are other who are quite contrary to them, who seem to be formed of the purest extract of Matter, whose Souls are so pure and so refin'd, that it hardly reflects all the bright Impressions it receives ; all its motions are so just and regular, that it seems not flattery or extravagance to compare those excellent Spirits to Stars and Influences : Yet this cannot, as I have said, properly be called Merit, since it is not of our acquisition.

Yet I deny not that Wit is necessary to make us esteemed ; yet I maintain that it alone is not sufficient, though we possess it in an infinite degree, to merit the

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love

love of those extraordinary persons of whom I speak. Nor is it enough for a Lady to be perfectly fair, or infinitely witty, to oblige us to love her; for there is required besides, Vertue, to establish that mutual Love, which is the sole end to which we must aspire, as the onely Object of our Felicity.

It is then in Vertue alone that Merit doth properly consist, and 'tis this alone which advances us above the rank of ordinary persons, being the onely good which we can call our own, and which lies in our power to acquire. I do not mean that ordinary Vertue which is found in common Souls; I mean that eminent Vertue which onely meets entertainment in great Mindes, & which we call *Heroick*. This is that kinde of Vertue which I demand in a person, to render himself worthy

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thy to be beloved, and capable to subject the most Illustrious Hearts.

It is necessary to explain what a Heroe is, and what I mean by Heroick Vertue. Many extravagant Wits have rendred very unjust Images of it, and represented it as a thing unpracticable. They are not contented with an Heroe who doth not things above Humane force, who beats not down Walls of Cities, and routs not whole Armies by his single Valour. It is necessary to reform the wilde imaginations of these persons, and to reduce them to just measures. 'Tis not the stature or the strength of body which makes a Heroe; it is the vigour and firmness of the mind: for there may be Souls very elevated in little Bodies, and extremely constant, and of extraordinary vigour, in an infirm and

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delicate Body. Consequently, all men are capable of this Heroick Vertue, and 'tis attainable by persons of both Sexes, being equally capable of it. It is possessed in different degrees of eminence, according to the dignity of the Object, and the different powers of minde of those who pursue the acquisition of it.

The first cause of this Heroick Vertue, is the dignity of its Object, which is Glory; this being no other thing than the splendor of a good and vertuous life, and a recompence which Vertue exacts from the Mouths of all vertuous persons, which maugre Death, makes us live even in the Tomb. This makes Glory the onely Rule, Commencement, and End of all the Enterprizes of great men, preferring it before all other things, and sacrificing all things to it.

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The second cause of this Heroick Vertue, is the perfection of the faculties by which it acts, of which the Understanding and the Will, are as the Heart and Head.

The third is the nobleness of all the principal Functions which make us act with undauntedness, and to suffer courageously and with constancie.

The fourth is an extraordinary transport of the Soul, by which it elevates it self to Objects beyond the common reach of men; and because our forces are too weak of themselves to reach those high Objects, we are apt to believe something of Divine in these extraordinary efforts which exalt Nature; which Transports we are forc'd to express by the Words *Flight* and *Rapture*.

These Transports are divers, and of different kinds, accor-

ding to the faculties which are transported, and according to the difference of their Objects. If the Transport be onely of the Understanding and Imagination, we conceive elevated Ideas, and noble and pompous Images and Phantomes: and this is properly that inspiration which the Ignorant call the Folly of Poets. This being esteemed something Divine, is the reason that Poetry, in which we finde these exalted Ideas, hath been called the Language of the Gods.

Thus you see the effects of this Transport when it is of the Imagination and Understanding; but when this Transport is universal, when the Understanding, and the Will, and all the faculties of the Soul, and functions of the Body, move with one common effort, they all tend to that eminency which in this life is the

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last bound of Vertue consummate. This general Transport, which is a Transport of action, is that Divine perfection which ever compleats a Heroe, and which the Poets and Philosophers call *Heroick Vertue*.

The fifth and last cause, which is the principle and Spring of Heroick Vertue, is Love. And for this reason it is alwaies made the ruling Passion of a Heroe, as that by which all other Vertues are purified, and from whence they receive their last perfection: from whence it follows, that to be a Heroe, it is necessary to be amorous; for Love, by refining the Soul, and spurring us on to glorious Actions, renders us amiable, by the practise of all those Vertues which lead to the Temple of Honour.

Hence you may see that this Vertue is not a Quality of Ease

and Sloth, nor a Habit for Ostentation, but of Travel and of Action; a Habit of Combate and of Victory: She usually appeared to the Ancients in Armour; her Palace seems built of the Ruines of Cities, Chains, Wrecks, and Thunder-bolts. It may be said, that this painful Vertue is proper for Warriors, but not for Amorous persons, who think they ought onely to combat with Respects and Submissions; but they are deceived, for there are no fewer Battels nor Victories to be performed in Love than War; and a Lover must be Valiant, as well as Amorous.

In short, that true Merit which renders us worthy to be beloved by an Illustrious person, consists onely in this Heroick Vertue: and indeed how should it not consist, since a vertuous Love is the source of all the Vertues themselves,  
and

and the spring of all Amiable Qualities? for when Love proposes to it self an honourable and legitimate end, and whose chaste desires are eloigned from Crime, the person whose Soul is possess'd with it, strives to render it self amiable, to the end to be beloved; and in order to that Design which this Noble Love inspires, he endeavours to become Good, Generous, Sweet, Liberal, Civil, Wise, and Respectuous; he labours to acquire Knowledge, Address, Discretion, and Politeness: so that all that is perfect in the World, seems the effect of a Vertuous Love.

I shall take leave to make a short research into the nature and effects of each particular Quality necessary to a Lover. That which holds the first Rank in the esteem of Ladies, is *Valour*: This Quality alone oft-times proves

sufficient to subdue a Heart most difficult to be conquered; and few who will not avow their Defeat, and boast of the Honour and Glory, to see a Conquerour crowned with Laurels, become their Captive. What Lady can chuse but be pleased to see a valiant man return from the War crowned with Laurels, and prostrating himself before her, ascribe all his Victories to her Charms, and the noble Love she kindled in his breast! and when he is in the Field of Battel, to hear Fame speak loud of his Achievements, it seems more glorious to 'em to have so valiant a Captive, than to be Mistress of the World. But this is yet inferiour to those Ravishments which she finds when this Heroe returns to render her an account of his great Actions, and to attribute all the Glory to her. To a Merit so ex-

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traordinary, what scrupulous Heroine will not yield her self with joy? To be accounted handsome, just, and learned, and well-favoured, all this carries no danger with it, says Sir *Philip Sydney* in his *Valour Anotomized*; but 'tis better to be admitted to the Title of *Valiant Acts*; for all Women, says he, desire to hold him fast in their arms, who hath escaped thither through many dangers.

As this Heroick Valour powerfully attracts a Lady's Heart, so Love seldom fails to give Courage to his Slaves, to render them amiable. Love renders a Lover bold and daring in the pursuit of his Love. In short, how can any make themselves be loved, without this Military Vertue, of the greatest part of Women? for if they are Idolaters of Glory, a Gallant cannot pretend to their  
Hearts.

Hearts without that Vertue. If by just and legitimate Reasons a Lady be stimulated to take Revenge, how can he, without being capable to execute that Vengeance, pretend to a Conquest of her Heart? And there are those Women to whom Revenge is so sweet, that there is no other means to Charm them. Some Women go farther; for we have seen even Queens, who not onely have given their Hearts, but even their Crowns, to those who have avenged them; so ingenious is that Passion in a great Heart, when once it is possess'd of it. Yet let us not think that these fair ones are unjust in these kinde of Vengeances: for there are some Offences so cruel, as those which wound the Honours of an Illustrious person, which are not repaired, but by the death of those who have committed them.

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It is in these occasions where that valour which I speak of is most necessary ; for he must be capable to dare all things , and to vanquish likewise ; and a true Lover is never awanting to attempt all things.

But after all, it is necessary to know what this true Valour is, lest we take the Shadow for the Substance : therefore I shall draw the picture of a Man truly Valiant.

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CHAP. IV.

*The Character of a Valiant Man.*

**T**He truely Valiant man enterprizes all things without temerity, and atchieves them without fear. He doth not seek out Dangers ; but when he findes them, he testifies no less courage  
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in braving of them, than in suffering them: He faces Death in its most dreadful shape, without waxing pale. If he be constrained to render himself to this common Enemy of Nature, he receives it and despises it together in his last breath. He ceases not to frame new designs: He prevents all ill success before it arrive; and if a misfortune which he has not foreseen creates in him any confusion and fear, he patiently supports it. His Reason makes all his Passions his Slaves; it is his Master and director in all things; and by that Victory which he meditates, he procures himself the Peace which he desires. When he has any Quarrel, he considers not so much the strength of his Arm, as his Cause; nor his Power so much as his Innocence, of which his Sword is the last of his proofs; he



he takes it not in hand so much to attaque, as to defend: And though no other can use it with so much security; or manage it: with so much grace, it is never seen naked till necessity draw it out of the Scabbard; and he chooses that you should see his Blood rather than his Back: he buys not his Life by shameful conditions: He exercises not so much his Courage as his Charity upon him he has vanquish'd. If he receives an injury of a man unequal in strength, he shews Compassion and not Choler; he extinguishes it, and will not take a poor revenge; insomuch that it seems a doubt whether he more detests Cowardise or Cruelty: He speaks not much, but boasts less, always acting more with his Hands than with his Tongue: In all his resolutions, Prudence is his guide; he is not troubled with

with the apprehensions of danger of death ; and if he be thrifty of his Blood , when Honour counsels him to manage it, he is prodigal of it : When Religion, his King, or his Country requires him to spend it, he changes not his Humour : When he changes his Condition, he has the same constant minde in all things ; his Will rules his Power. The best revenge that he can exercise, is that which he exercises least when 'tis in his choice ; and as he knows how to command without Pride, so he knows how to obey without Murmuring ; because he regards himself as above all accidents and hazards. Ignorance and Stupidity are not the principles of his Courage ; but when he has well examined the Danger, he despises it , and testifies as little emotion when he is Ship-wrackt, as when he  
em-

embarkes : He is indefatigable in all his Troubles; resolute in his Enterprizes; entire in his Resolutions; happy in all Success: and if he happen to be vanquished, his Heart is always the most obstinate, and the last which renders it self.

See the Picture of a truly-valiant man: it is a Valour like to this, which I require in a Lover, to be worthy to be beloved of these perfect Beauties of which I have spoken, to wit, of those who are enamour'd onely of the Merit of their Lover. This is so true, that there is not one of these Illustrious Fair ones who love not to bear to the Tomb the name of so Valiant a Husband, & who places not more Glory in such a glorious Title, than in any other. And it is impossible to all these Illustrious Lovers of Valour, to love any  
after

after him they have once loved ;  
 ✕ and their first Love is always the  
 last.

By this Picture of a Valiant  
 man, which I have drawn, it is  
 easie to see that Valour is a  
 greatness of Courage, or a haugh-  
 tiness of Spirit, by which a Soul  
 elevated above interest, carries  
 it self inviolably to a Duty which  
 is laborious, and to Actions  
 which appear most difficult.  
 From whence follows, there are  
 two kinds of Valour: When he  
 does onely those bold actions  
 which even terrifie those who  
 hear 'em but related, this Vertue  
 is called simply *Valour* ; but  
 when we act as a Duty what onely  
 regards our Honour, or that of  
 her whom we Love, that is to say,  
 when it is to sacrifice all our Plea-  
 sures, our Interests, and even our  
 Lives, to our Glory, and to  
 make that the sole end of all our  
 Acti-

Actions; that Vertue is not only Heroick, but Heroick to the highest degree. This is called *Generosity*; and as that second Species of Valour is infinitely above the first, it is by consequence more capable than it, to give us that extraordinary Merit which is so necessary to make us be loved by those Illustrious Fair ones, of whom I have spoken.

To make the difference between these two Vertues more easily comprehended, and to make known perfectly the Character of the one and the other, I will give you this Example following.

The Valiant *Perseus* found *Andromeda* chained to a Rock, and exposed to a Monster: That Heroe fought the Monster, which seemed impossible to be overcome; he slew him, and delivered the Nymph, whom he render'd  
to:

to her Parents. See here a bold Enterprize, which is of that first Species of Valour of which I have spoke, and that Verture which is simply called Valour.

But after that Heroick Action, *Perseus* became infinitely amorous of that same Nymph : The King his Father, and the Gods themselves, declared themselves in his favour, and will'd that he should marry her : Yet that great man, far from making advantage of his Credit and her Parents Authority, fell at her feet and protested, that he had rather die than to owe his happiness to any other thing than onely to her Inclination ; and left her entirely to her liberty to chuse a Husband, who was destined to him if she had loved him, and that for recompence of having saved her, and dying for love of her, he desired no other Glory than to  
render

render her happy. See here an Action of that last kind of Valour, which is infinitely above the first. It was by this high Vertue which is called *Generosity*, by which he gained the heart of *Andromeda*, and that he chased away *Phineus* whom she loved, and intended to marry the same day.

The Cowardize of *Phineus* excused her change, and set off the glory of that generous Lover by the opposition, from which she conceived as just an Aversion to him, as she was charmed by the Courage and Generosity of the other.

Thus we may see what power this Generosity has; not onely to conquer an Illustrious heart, but also to chase a Lovers Rival from thence. It is therefore necessary that a Lover be generous, if he will legitimately pretend  
to

to be loved by these Illustrious Women, who onely yield themselves to true Merit. A Lover must onely consider glory in his Love, and sacrifice to it all his Interests and all his Pleasure; for it is the character of a true Lover, to be generous and disinterested: and such a one will not only force the most insensible to love him, but even a Heart that is most prepossessed with another Love, and animated with hate and fury against him. Those which are conversant with the Poets which are correct, will finde the advances this Vertue makes in the affection of the most inflexible; and how by degrees Aversion gives place to Esteem, and that by degrees throws down all that opposes the entrance of Love.

We are not to wonder at the effects of this marvelous quality, since it is accompanied with all others,



others, which make up an extraordinary Merit: for this Merit is acquired by Patience, by Prudence, by Fidelity, by Constancie, by Respect, by Discretion, by Perseverance, and by a hundred other like Vertues; Generosity comprehends all in it: for he that is said to be generous, is inclusively said to be Patient, Prudent, Faithful, Constant, Respectuous, and Discreet, and in a word, all that one can figure of most perfect and of most amiable: and it is so true that all other qualities are the inseparable Companions of Generosity, that they are recommended to all Lovers as infallible Maximes amongst them, and by which they are assured to make themselves beloved if they observe them inviolably.

First, Patience is an inseparable Vertue of all who are generous.

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rous. Love never ceases to persuade them, whom he will enrol under his Banner ; for when he would teach them how they must love, and how they must conquer, he tells 'em it is accomplish'd by Care and Patience, and that none can arrive to the height of Felicity without much pain & difficulty. Love is preceded by Labours and Torments ; but those Ills change at last into Delights and Pleasures inconceivable.

*He who is patient in a Love-pursuit,  
In time may hope to reap the pleasing fruit.  
To suffer Torments, Rigors, and Disdains,  
Raises the Merit of his Pains ;*

*And of his Loyalty and Love  
Assured Marks will prove :  
And how much more of torment he endures,  
His Glory he augments ; and Love secures.*

*His past Disquiets will improve  
The Sweets and pleasures of his Love.*

Constancy and Fidelity are  
no

no less the Companions of Generosity than of Patience; and are no less to be recommended to a Lover, than that rigid Vertue; and Love makes no less advantage of it in making its most Illustrious Conquests. If you fear the preference of a powerful Rival, and you despair of succeeding in your amorous Enterprize, and are ready to abandon your pursuit; Love will re-animate your Hope, and let you see, that a constant and legitimate ardour is to be prefer'd before the splendor of a vain grandeur.

By the aid of these Illustrious Companions of Generosity, Love finishes its most noble Conquests. But since the inconstant and unfaithful are of a contrary opinion, it is necessary to make 'um see their error, and to draw 'um out of it. They say, to maintain their false opinion, that

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these Vertues of which I speak, produce more Thorns than Roses, and many more ill Nights than good Daies to a Lover : but they are much deceived, and are ignorant of the Pleasures two constant Lovers enjoy, even amidst all their pains ; for all their amorous cares and inquietudes are intermixed with such happy moments, that one of them is a sufficient recompence for an age of trouble.

The professed Inconstants will not yield to these Reasons, how convincing soever, but maintain that they alone are the most reasonable Lovers : It is better, say they, to love perfectly in many places at a time. If one say to them, that this kinde of Love gives but little Honour to her he loves, because there is none so little fair, who does not believe she deserves a Heart entire to her self:

self: he will presently reply, and so justifies himself, that Heaven having made as many different desires as there are Beauties, sheweth by that, it is its will he should love all: and to perswade you the better, and to bring you over to his party, he maliciously aggravates the pleasures which this distribution of his Heart gives, and the disquiect of those who onely love one single person: for he addes boldly, That he who may please many, and will love but one, is a great Enemy to his own good Fortune: Pleasures are light, saith he, which are limited; but he receives a thousand, who loves a thousand Beauties. See, says he, the difference between these two kinde of Lovers, and weigh their manners in a just Balance; the Inconstant hath a Spirit sweet, civil, affable, and complaisant; the Con-

stant is pensive, melancholy, and unquiet.

X See the reasons of these Inconstants; but there is nothing in the World more ridiculous: For first, it is certain that we cannot divide Love without destroying it; and she who doth not possess it entirely, possesses it not at all. To enumerate all the fatigues that these wandering Lovers endure, would much exceed the disquiets that a constant Lover suffers in the pursuit of his Love, and is at last recompenced by imperfect Joys, and a slight satisfaction, not equal to those which a constant Lover enjoys, from the equal return of a true and faithful Passion, by a Lady in whom he findes all the perfections in the World to delight his Senses, and perfections of Minde for the contemplation of his Soul. Were it true, that the possession of  
what

what we love doth necessarily extinguish the amorous Flame, they would have some reason: but this is a common mistake; for our Affections, produced by these excellent qualities, can never be extinguished: for neither Deformity nor Age can deprive them of their Beauty; but even when Time or Age hath eclipsed the beauty of the Body, these qualities shine out with the greater lustre, and more strongly engage and captivate the Soul.

There are a sort of faithless and inconstant Gallants, who will needs maintain themselves to be the most constant in the World: say they, We always love Beauty, and when that forsakes a Lady, to love her still would be inconstancy: but this merry excuse will not pass; for though Beauty fades so fast, that it is compared to<sup>e</sup> Roses in the

Spring; yet if a Lover give his Heart by the consent of his Reason, as he ought to do, there will remain that Wit and Vertue which will have sufficient Charms to make her ever beloved, how little Beauty soever remains.

Who then can apprehend as dangerous, and as destructive to vertuous inclinations, a Passion so refin'd, which produces in the Soul of Man such glorious effects! a Passion which thus ennobles the Minde, refines the Spirit, and spurs us on to the acquist of all these Illustrious qualities, and never ceases till it hath formed us perfectly amiable. It is easie, from what I have said, to see the difference betwixt this reasonable Passion, and the Transports of Lust and wilde Desire, whose effects and consequences are so fatal to them who are hurried on by its fury  
to,



to the most unlawful and Villanous Actions, of which nothing can resist the Rage, and than which nothing more defiles the Soul.

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CHAP. V.

*Rules for a Gallant in the Conduct of his Love.*

**A**S Prudence is a necessary and universal Guide in all Enterprizes, so it is by that, that a reasonable Lover is to commence his Amorous Voyage: for it is impossible to put out from the Coast, and to sayl with full Sayls, without observing the Winds or the Compass, without the hazard of perishing. And if it be objected, that since we love maugre our selves, our Actions are consequently out of her

government. I answer, That I  
 onely speak of that Love which  
 is always submitted to Reason,  
 and not of that unruly Trans-  
 port which dethrones it: in  
 which sence I maintain, that how  
 Amorous soever we are, yet we  
 continue free. to regulate our  
 Passions; and by consequence, a  
 Gallant may profitably make use  
 of such Rules, if he will, as I  
 shall prescribe. I say, a Gallant,  
 because those Rules are different  
 from what I shall prescribe the  
 more Beautiful Sex; for they  
 have Rules apart: Modesty in a  
 Woman is required, Boldness in  
 a Man. A Lady sometimes acts  
 prudently in counterfeiting Cold-  
 ness; but a Gallant ought always  
 to testifie an Ardour and Impa-  
 tience: and though he be Ice,  
 he ought always to say, he burns;  
 for an *Hippolytus* in Love, is in  
 this Age very ridiculous.

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The first thing then that a Gallant ought to know, that he may love as he ought, that is to say, to conduct himself in his Love with Prudence, is, to hold for an undoubted principle, That Love ought entirely to possess his Heart, and to chase all other Passions from thence, to rule alone. I acknowledge that Love does not demand so great an Ardour at the first instant, how miraculous soe're the Beauty is which renders her self Mistress of his Heart; it exacts onely a simple motion of Love at the first view; but when a Lover hath made reflection upon the perfections of her Spirit and Soul, he ought to become an Idolater, and to love in a manner extraordinary, esteeming it his chief Glory to pursue what he loves: And which may invite us to love in this manner, is, that

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in Love there is nothing which does not justify the excess.

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*Proby*  
The second thing which he is to learn, who will be instructed by my Precepts, is, That he ought to be so loosned from his own Sentiments, and so submissive to those of his Mistress, that he always believes that she has Reason in all that she does, and in all that she desires : And this Resignation ought to go so far, as to make him despise the greatest dangers, even Death it self, in the service of his Mistress. And in that estate he must hold as a Principle assured, that there is nothing so glorious nor so sweet to a Lover, as that Resignation : for if it happen that he die in saving the life of her he loves, he finds this sweet in Death, that she wishes not to survive him after so great a mark of his Love. One thing which ought to contribute the most

most to comfort a Lover who dies in this manner, is, That if his Love be grounded upon great Reason, even at the beginning of it, he holds it to be the infallible Effect of it ; for he knows, that if his Mistress be inflexible, he must die with desire ; and if she be favourable, then he must die with joy : and so being resolved to die either by the Malady or by the Remedy, he dies content, when it is to save the life of his Mistress.

There are some Lovers who go yet farther ; they believe that Life is shameful, when they find no occasion to hazard it for the person they love.

It is not enough that a Soul of a Lover be full of Love, and that it reigns as Sovereign there, and to have that Resignation to her, which I have mentioned ; he must also believe that he never

ver :

ver loves enough, & always wish that he may still love more; and the reason of this is, there is no Lover who does not discover from day to day some new perfections in his Mistress, therefore there ought not to be one moment in which his Passion ought not to augment according to the increase of his knowledge; to which end a Lover ought always to exaggerate to himself the Beauty of his Mistress, that it may entertain and augment his Passion.

- x With this Love I would also have joyned as much Respect; and when a Lover hath as much trembled by one, as burn'd by the other, let him, in her presence, extol every Perfection: yet there are strict Measures to be observed in this, especially with Ladies of excellent Spirits. The Indiscretions of some Gallants in this Matter, are very much to be pitied.

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tied ; their Praises are so extravagant, that they loose their effect ; and winning no belief from their Mistresses, make their Sincerity and Wit suspected. Praises are most pleasing to all, when they are bestowed by way of reflection ; a Lady then attentively listens to 'em without Blushes, and without being put to the pain to defend her self. A Lover ought to seem to have so great an opinion and veneration of the modesty of his Mistress, that he should seem affraid to displease her, even by just Praises. This is a silent Commendation, which produces an extraordinary Effect. There are some indiscreet Gallants who are yet more unlucky, whose Praises turn to Affronts by misplacing them.

When absence separates a Lover from his Mistress, let him  
teach

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teach every place the cause of his Grief and Inquietude, and let some prudent Confident betray him to his Mistriss, and let him not be wanting himself to make known the grandeur of his Love by that of his Sufferings, in these or such-like words.

1.

*Ask my Celinda how Almedor lives ;  
When absent from your eyes,  
No Joy nor Pleasure he receives,  
But every minute dies.*

2.

*Behold the Sun, whose Rays adorn  
Heaven with their glorious Light ;  
When absent, all the Earth doth mourn  
In Funeral-robcs of Night.*

3.

*Each pretty Flower doth hang its head,  
And drooping fades away :  
The Rose it self looks pale and dead :  
At the departure of the day.*



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4  
*Thus, my Celinda, when your eyes  
Conceal their amorous Fire, (rise,  
Doubts and Despairs in my dark Soul a-  
And poor Almedor straight expires.*

And as a Lover should esteem nothing so precious as the presence of his Mistress, because the presence of the Object beloved is his Sun, which dissipates the sorrow of his Life, and the fear of Death; therefore I would have him, when he goes to see her whom he loves, testify to her his joy with all the variety of expression that his fancy can furnish him withal: and to the end that that fair one may see upon his face, and by his words, that Joy which he boasts in his Letters, and that she may know by that Excess the Power which she has over his Senses; let him express it so well, that she may be convinced that

that he believes nothing can be added to the happiness of him who loves an extraordinary person when he sees her, and is well received: 'tis then he must continue to pour upon her words which express his Transport, and as in an extasie shew the infinite Pleasure he takes if he might always be so happy as to live in her presence.

These Rules without any other doubtless are sufficient to conduct a Lover to the happy Port where he would arrive, if he make use of them as he ought; and I dare assure him that they will never fail: for what Lady can refuse her Heart to a Passion so submissive and respectful? and who can take it from him after 'tis given? this without doubt is impossible; without he meets with that Monster which he may encounter in his amorous pro-

progress, and which a man always cannot overcome.

This Monster is *Jealousie*; for it is so cruel, that it quite strangles Love, even in its full strength; and though it be its Father, it is a Serpent covered with Flowers, and a Dragon which always wakes: and though it hath a hundred Eyes which never close, yet so it is, that its sight is always deluded, the Senses are always troubled with false Objects, and it incessantly rends the Heart: In short, it is an indiscreet Counsellor, which hath nothing for its end but to destroy all the reasonable Maxims and the Rules which I give; for in mockery it impudently says to those who hearken to it, that Discretion, Respect, Fear, and Submission, are onely the testimonies of a moderate Love; and that the true marks  
of

of a perfect Lover are Suspicions, Choler, and Rage; and it is so skilful in its Malice, that it strengthens its Counsels with reasons very just in appearance, that it is scarce possible to escape being seduced.

For it presently tells you, that you never see a great Smoak, but it is a signe of a great Fire; & there is no Transport which proceeds not from a great Love; and that Love resembles a Fever, which as it hath its Coldnesses, so it hath its Heats. See what this Monster suggests without cease to a poor Lover; and by the little that he hears, he receives the pestilential vapour, and Jealousie enters through his Eyes, and occupies his sick fancy: Thence to the Heart it transmits its venome, disturbs his Reason, alters his Spirit, and excites his Choler.

And

And then you cannot imagine that this turbulent Passion is idle and without action in the Heart of a Lover; for when once it is kindled by that Monster, it makes him resent all the tortures of Fear and Suspicion, and deprives his Senses and his Soul of all repose; and throwing Ice into the midst of Fire, it causes an antipathy, whereof the Combat makes life languish without end; troubling perpetually the Reason by the vain Phantomes which it continually forms, and exposes Love to the fury of all its Enemies. It is this jealous Fear, without doubt, which is the greatest Evil that a Lover can be sensible of; it proceeds from the belief that another is beloved by her he loves.

Yet it is not altogether unjust to be a little jealous, and as if he was assured that he has all the  
World

World for Rivals: When a Gallant loves perfectly, and a Mistress that hath much Wit suffers her self to be adored of another, to augment his submission and his Love, he cannot but be a little jealous: but he must make an advantage of it; and for that reason, when he perceives himself the least toucht with that distemper, he must not imprison it in his Breast, for the more he conceals it within, it will at one time or other make the more violent eruption. But because a declaration of it is very dangerous, and that it requires peculiar Rules, let a Lover follow these which I shall give him.

First, let him shew a little Melancholy in his Eyes and Visage; not too much, for fear to alarm her too much; but onely so much as may oblige her to press him

him to give her a knowledge of the cause; and then feigning not to tell it her without regret, and out of obedience.

Let him declare it in such a manner, that it may appear onely the effect of his Love, without touching the Vertue or Prudence of his Mistriss, mixing therewith the Purity and Constancy of his own Passion; and all this with an air full of submission, and most capable to move pity, flying all Eagerness and Reproach.

This is the means to cure his Jealousie: for it is impossible, how fierce soever a fair one is, but her Heart will become tender by such great marks of Sorrow and Submission, or refuse to give satisfaction to one so worthy of her Love and of her Pity: But above all, let him take heed that he pass not the bounds  
which

which I have prescribed; for if his Jealousie be full of Transport and Fury, nothing will become more insupportable than him; for this is an undoubted Principle, that there is none Jealous in this manner, who is not looked upon as a Scourge by the most reasonable.

Let therefore a Lover take great heed of this Jealousie, if he would love as he ought; and whatsoever he has, let him cover it, discard it, as the greatest Enemy of his Glory and Repose.

This is the way to avoid the most dangerous Rock in this Sea; for there is no person who doth not agree, that if jealous Suspicions were banished from Love, the least happy would avow, that there is nothing so sweet as its Empire. Follow then my Maximes, principally those  
which



which concern Jealousie, if you embarque upon this amorous Sea, and would arrive at last at that happy Port.

But to return: it is accounted in the opinion of the most wise, that all things are most difficult in their Commencement; therefore there is the greatest art to be used in the first declaration of Love. This is the chief work of a refined Spirit; he must spare the Modesty of a Lady, and discover his Flame in obscure terms. If the thing please her, her curious Spirit will permit him another day to explain himself better: and if a Lover once discover the least hint of his Love, Love will repeat it a thousand times.

But that this Curiosity might be better known to you, if you desire to be permitted with the greater facility to express your Love more clearly, you must first dis-

disguise your Love, and so conceal it a long time under the name of Respect and Complaisance, and not to speak of it too often; for this shocks and presses the Modesty of a Lady too much, and obliges her to deprive you of those opportunities which are so precious in Love.

It is thus that a Lover ought to entertain his Mistress; yet he must as well know when it is fit to be silent, and above all to hide the secret of his Love. When he speaks, let him praise the Sex, declare his own Fidelity, and shew that he pretends nothing. In sum, his Conversation must be gallant, sweet, and witty, which may make her wish every minute such an Excellent person her Slave; and withal he must always be submissive and discreet, that he may obtain what he pretends without pride, and see him-  
self

self beloved without speaking of it; which is done by rendering her a thousand continual Services, by regulating his actions according to her humour, till by the sweetness of a long acquaintance he hath insensibly surprized her Heart, which is done before she is aware of the Stratagem prepared for her.

When a Lover has done all that I have directed, and yet his Mistress does not declare herself, because of her too great modesty, I permit him to sigh before her; for a true Passion cannot be better expressed than by a sigh, when it escapes from the bottom of the Heart; that alone is capable to explain the grandeur of Love; and it is sometimes of more power and Eloquence than all the amorous expressions in the World.

Therefore when he has the

G

op-

opportunity to entertain her alone, let him not be too profuse of his talk, but let a few Sighs supply the vacancies of discourse. But let him use much caution, lest he be suspected of artifice; let him seem fearful to let 'em escape, and sometimes break 'em in their passage, shewing that it is some pain and violence to him to suppress them: This language is sweet in Love, and the best Interpreter of an amorous desire.

Thus you may see how a Declaration of Love is to be made at the beginning, to make oneself be loved of a Lady who founds her Passion upon Reason: For when a Lover acts in this manner, he renders himself so amiable, that the most fierce will suffer his presence, and hear him with Complaisance: She will always treat him more favourably

favourably than another. She is pleased to see him, and after believing her self to be beloved, by reason of his inflamed sighs, she findes her self insensibly charmed; and this you will discern whether she will or no: for whenever she takes pleasure to hear you sigh, she will finde it difficult to constrain her self, but will sigh too, maugre her resistance: do not matter then what she says to you. These fierce and haughty fair ones never declare their Sentiments in these affairs: they always leave their Lovers to divine, and onely in their Eyes betray the secret motions of their Soul. When we have made this advance, we may declare our selves more freely, and testifie openly the grandeur of our Love; but take heed that you demand not yet to be beloved, but onely the permis-

sion to love, and to have leave to tell her so; which you may do in this or the like manner, after you have expressed the greatness of your Love:

*Will you consent, my dear Celinda, that I promise my desires this charming privilege, to make Vows to you of an eternal Love? I require not that you would be sensible of my Flame; nor do I expect that the gift of your Heart should follow the offer of mine: No, no, charming Celinda, that is a glorious Reward, of which nothing can render me worthy; and though my Passion makes me desire it, yet my own Imperfection forbids me to hope it: Permit me onely to flatter myself with this, That in daring to love, I may also dare to tell you so, and at your Feet daily pay you my respect. and make you Vows of an*

unchangeable Love, and by its ardour let you know, that it being pure and sincere, it must always increase: That it is not the effect of a blinde appetite, which is begot by Desire, and nourished by Hope; but that as it is formed by the most amiable Object in the World, over which no Time will prevail, so nothing but Death can rend it from my Heart.

It is by such tender Sentiments as these, that you will force at last the most cruel Beauty to love you, and at last to avow her love to you: She will blush without doubt when she first gives you this knowledge; but be not alarm'd at that, for it is not at her Love she blushes, but at the confession of it: and in the end, that you may not doubt it, when she sees that you observe her disturbance, she will say to you

obligingly: My Blushes proceed not from the Cause that you think, yet alas! I know not whether it be Confusion or Love, I finde you too worthy to be loved, not to suspect my self; but my Spirit is too high, and I can suffer rather the fire in my Heart than in my Mouth, and *Love* shews to me more hard to name than think.

'Tis this that finishes the Union of two souls who are born one for another, and which are linked together by these invisible Bonds, that they have no longer than one life, because they have no longer but one Heart; and it is that sweet Union which forms that amorous Circle, in which Lovers are eternally happy: For when a Lady testifies her love in the manner that I have supposed, a Lover becomes Ravished and Charmed, and



vows himself entirely to her and submits himself to her without reservation; and every minute is enflamed more and more by these amorous Transports. It is in these mutual Endearments and Tenderesses, which two Lovers, which follow the Rules which I have established, arrive at the Port, and there taste eternal happiness.

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CHAP. VI.

*Rules for the Conduct of a Lady  
in an affair of Love.*

**T**HERE is no less care and circumspection required in a Lady than in a Gallant, at the commencement of an *Amour*: For those enflamed and languishing looks which appear often very passionate, yet they are not

always true; lest therefore a Lady be seduced too soon by false appearances, it is necessary that they make this as a certain Maxime: *THAT I SHOULD NOT*

*That the Faith of Lovers is a very slippery Pledge: That their Oaths are vain, and their Wit a Deceiver: And that their Passions are generally more in their Months than in their Hearts.*

This may teach them that they be not too easie of belief in those things which they see, and hear said; for they may easily mistake a Flame which is onely feigned for a true, whereof these false Lovers will boast at their expence: yet I would not that they should be too disdainful, but that they might take those Methods that might make themselves the more to be valued,

lued, that a Lover may better know the price of their Loves before it be obtained.

They ought not to shew at first either Contempt or Rigour; for that rather chaces away than gains a Lover. Nor ought they to yield their Hearts as soon as they are solicited; for that is rather the effect of a foolish pity, than of the merit of their Gallants; and he will not be apt to esteem that much, which costs him so little, and is acquired with so much ease.

It is thus that these fierce fair ones captivate Hearts by a noble Pride: for in despising Love at the first, they at last triumph with the greater Power; but, as I have already said, they must not appear too disdainful, for by that they totally lose a Lover, who possibly will never be reclaimed. A Lady then must

not be too disdainful, nor hold a Lover too long in her Chains: for Patience may forsake the *Inamurato*; especially those of the greatest mindes and courages.

No more must she be too easie to confide too much in the appearances of a passionate Love, since thereby she becomes liable to be deceived: But let a Lady act with so much prudence, that she may gain the perfect knowledge of her Lover's Heart before she trust. But see what measures a Lady takes, who intends to engage her Lover, and to render the blessing more dear and desirable.

When a Lover hath discovered his Passion, to the end to make him more ardently wish a Pleasure which is onely great according to the Grandeur of his desire, before she suffers her self

to

to be moved to pity, she takes  
some time to make proof of his  
Constancie, and covers her cru-  
elty and injustice with the Vail  
of Honour, and of Chastity;  
and to render the happiness more  
great after the pain, and to ap-  
pear more amiable, she seems in-  
humane, and oft-times counter-  
feits an excessive Pride, the better  
to charm with her Caresses:  
But as her most principal work  
in this Art is to please, she makes  
her Eyes look sweet when her  
Mouth is severe, and lets her Lo-  
ver see, in casting upon him a  
dying look, that her fierceness  
combates, whilst her Heart ren-  
ders up it self.

It is thus that a Lady ought  
to behave her self to her Lover,  
after she hath tried his love by all  
the disguises that she can invent,  
to be more certain of the true  
estate of his Heart: But these  
arti-

artifices and these rigours ought not to continue after she has gained this knowledge, but she ought to return love for love, when she is once assured of the love and merit of her Servant; for 'tis this alone that finishes and establishes the Conquest of her Lover, who will be apt to revolt when he finds his subjection too severe.

There are some Ladies who serve themselves very successfully of Choler in the engaging their Lovers Hearts; but in this it is requisite that their Choler be feigned, and appear to be light: for there is nothing more dreadful, and full of Transport, than a Woman in fury.

I condemn not sometimes some little Coldnesses, which these fair ones make use of; for there are some who have such a grace in this artificial Coldness, that

a Lover sometimes chuses rather to see himself disdained by her, than to be caressed by others. But to succeed in this, there is required a peculiar Talent, which is very difficult to obtain: for it is necessary that it be very natural, not onely to please, but not to repulse. I would not have a Lady so prodigal of her advances, that she shew her Eyes sweet to all who make their addresses, because this is the quality of a perfect Wanton: for the property of a Wanton is to make a great amaze of Sweetness, obliging Words, Caresses, Cares, Tendernesses and false Regards, which promises all things to credulous Lovers, without giving any thing in effect. See how one of these *Cogquets* boasts her self, and how she makes her own Picture.

*As*

*As for me, says she, I love every where, and without neglecting the least Conquest, I strive to engage all; all things contribute to my good Fortune; and amongst a thousand, I render one or other jealous: and though I have one Heart, I promise it to all, whilst every one endeavours to please me, and each lives in hope: The absence of any one afflicts me not; for a thousand others that are present, take from me the thoughts of them who are absent: I fear neither Death nor Change; there remains still a Million of my admirers, either to comfort or revenge me.*

These kinde of Women are so ridiculous and so vain, they make it their glory not to love in any manner but this, which ought to render them the contempt of the whole World: See how she  
per-



persists to boast, as of a wonderful effect of her Wit!

*Let them that will, make account of Fidelity; I trouble not my self with so vain a thing: for the example of others lets me know, that instead of a Servant we accept a Master: when we onely suffer one, and think on no other, the entertainment of others gives us disquiet; and we are bound to live after his Phantastie, endure his ill humours, and fear his jealousy; and lest that Time might extinguish his Flame, we must heap every day new favours upon him, and forsooth when he is absent, our Souls are grieved and dejected; his change kills us, and his death throws us into despair.*

See the intolerable vanity of these fantastical Creatures, who teach

teach us to fly and detest them, lest we fall into their snares, living in a manner so different from those Ladies who ought to be esteemed, and not too prodigal of their favours if they would preserve their Lovers: For by being too prodigal in their favours, they expose themselves very oft to the contempt of an insolent Victor; for a Lover who is flattered and puffed up with his Victory, soon loses the memory of all his submissions.

If then a Mistress would augment the Passion of her Lover, let her sometimes dissemble a little Disdain, and a little Rigour; for there is nothing so sure, as that the desire languishes by the facility of obtaining: But as I have said, it behoves that these Coldnesses and these Rigours be well tempered, and very short;  
and

and a Lady ought to make use of them with a great deal of address and judgement; for if they endure too long, a Lover may be repulsed in such manner, that he will escape from them, and in his turn pay her in the same Coin. We need not to wonder at such a change; for when a fair Lady is too rigorous or ingrateful, it is commendable to fly from her, and to hold it for a thing certain, that such a love is a chastisement of Heaven if it endure. A Mistress therefore ought not to be too rigorous or too ingrateful, but onely sometimes serious, and that more to her Lover than to others; for the civilities which she may shew to a person indifferent to her, should be accounted favours to a Lover when once he is declared so.

A Lady ought to distrust all things, when she intends to make  
proof

proof of her Lover ; so that she ought neither to speak nor write any thing which may too much flatter or incense him ; and especially she ought not to return any answer to his Letters ; for this would be to put Weapons into the hands of an unfaithful Lover when he has a minde to boast of her favours , and therefore prudence doth forbid it.

Thus you may see how a Lady who would regulate her love by Reason , ought to act till she has arrived to the perfect knowledge of her Lover's heart ; which sometimes is very easie to discover , either by his Eyes, which tell her what he dare not speak ; or by a sigh, which escapes from a Heart too much oppress'd ; and many other marks of the disturbance of his Soul.

Yet a Lady ought not always to give a confidence to these marks ;

marks ; for sometimes Sighs and Oaths are not the proofs of Love, but are feigned and criminal ; she ought therefore to put a Lover to all the proofs she can invent ; and if she be not refused one, she may conclude her self beloved, and may safely love again, since *Love* cannot be rewarded by any thing but *Love*.

Yet she ought to take care that her love does not offend against her duty or her glory ; but she ought to resolve to follow her duty maugre her Heart : for Duty ought always to be inexorable, where Vertue is the Mistress ; not but that when she loves well, that Duty is a cruel and unjust constraint : for it cannot but be hard to be obedient, where her love is reasonable ; she must then sacrifice her love where Duty ordains it, especially wher she is of Royal Blood : but  
that

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that she may shew she loves well,  
 she ought to do it with regret  
 and to give all the marks she  
 can to her Lover, that she is  
 forced to abandon him by that  
 cruel constraint, to justifie the  
 injury she does him by an order  
 so cruel.

1.

*In vain my Love and Pity I confess,  
 Since that Imperious Pride,  
 Which doth on Crowns attend,  
 Commands that Love should be deny'd,  
 And all to Glory bend.*

2.

*How huge a weight my greatness is;  
 Which a false splendor doth disguise!  
 It robs me of my sweetest bliss,  
 Since I to it my Love must sacrifice.  
 Thus whilst to Fortune I too much do owe,  
 Nothing to Love or Pity I allow.*

3.

3.

*Hard fate ! which doth decree  
My Crown to be a slavery :  
Nay how much happier is a Slave ! (grave,  
Since in my Throne my joys do meet a  
What serves it that a Crown I do possess,  
And all the power which doth on Scepters  
wait ?*

*My favours give to others happiness,  
Whilst nought but pain I to my self create.*

4.

*I love ! yet never mast avow the same ;  
For though Alcidor's merit is above  
A King, and more attracts my love ;  
Yet still alas ! alas ! he wants the Name.  
This want doth all my punishments create,  
Such are the humorous orders of my fate,  
Which by a principle of Vertue too severe,  
Makes me unjust and rigorous appear.*

*Yet think not that a true Lover  
that is, a Lover who is gene  
rous, will be enraged at such  
Dec!*

Declaration, how cruel soever it may seem; or that he should blame his Mistress: for as he loves his glory better than himself, he will finde it easie and sweet to die, to let her see he still conserves his Love. It is with these generous Sentiments that he submits himself to these cruel orders, expressing himself to her who with this regret forsakes him to follow her Duty and her Glory, after this manner.

1.

*It is unjust I should complain  
Of your more glorious fate.  
I will endure the pain,  
And be content to be unfortunate,  
Fate's just, since it a Crown to you doth give;  
Though I in Torments live;  
Enjoy the sweets of Power and of Fame;  
The price is small,  
My death is all,  
And that is justly due to my presumption  
(knows flame.*

2.



2.

Most justly Fortune doth decree  
That you should rule, and I should die :  
I run, I run to Death, fair Queen,  
That you may reign  
Happy and glorious, whilst I  
Will think it an extream Felicity  
Onely to say at last, For you I die.

I know that a Lover well beloved, may justly be dissatisfied if she forsake him to chuse another of equal merit to himself; but when she prefers a man who is onely above him in Quality, Estate, or Birth, that choice which he knows to be made without Love, or without Disdain of him, he ought to be appeased; and an Heroick courage ought to pardon her for following that ambitious order of her duty; to comfort himself for it, and to deceive his grief in believing that her Heart has not fol-

followed her hand when she gave it.

It is then requisite for a Lady who will love according to Reason, not to return love till she knows her self to be beloved ; nor to love against her Duty, or against her Glory : but yet this is not enough, for she must also avoid a thousand little weaknesses, which may blemish the glory of her love, and above all, Jealousie ; for there is nothing renders one of so tedious and disagreeable a humour as Jealousie, nor nothing which hinders her more from appearing amiable : For when a Soul is possessed, the Fancy is troubled with a thousand different motions of Love, Rage, Despite, Fear, and a million of other tumultuous Passions, and in that estate the Soul languishes miserably, without knowing the grief which wounds

wounds it. A Lady must then, as I have said, never be Jealous, but always appear gay, and with a smiling countenance; for there is nothing so disagreeable, as those unequal humours, which are sometimes gay and affable, and sometimes sad and froward; and they are so far from pleasing, that there is not one Lover who can endure a Lady of this humour, and who will not in the end quit her with Reproaches. Shun then these unequal capricious humours, if you would conserve your Conquests; and above all, be constant and faithful, that your Lovers may follow your example: for if you be light and unfaithful, your Lovers will become so also, though it be onely for honour-sake, to be quit with you; but above all, have a care when years begin to diminish your attractions.

H

Let

Let therefore your love endure as long as you live; and when you die, die faithful, because, as I have said in another place, *That Love is onely the reward of Love*; and a true Heart never wants Charms for another that is equally honest and true.

Behold the principal Maximes that Ladies, who desire to govern themselves prudently, ought to follow; and these are sufficient, provided the beauty of their Spirits and of the Soul be as great as that of their Bodies.

In fine, if two persons, such as I have described, love truly, and follow my precepts, no Age or Deformity can ever make them unhappy by diminishing their mutual loves.

Thus I have shewn that Love may be subjected by Reason, how great soever its power is; and that

that the most scrupulous Vertue may not onely be permitted to love, but to avow the same, if she follow the Rules I have given, which teach how to master the *Master of the World*; and that there is nothing more sweet, or more innocent than Love, which addes a sweetness to all other Pleasures, when 'tis guided by Reason; for otherwise, to Love, is to give up our selves to perpetual disquiets, and to joyn to the most sorrowful Days more tedious and unquiet Nights, and to banish for ever Repose and Joy.

## CHAP. VII.

*How to discover when a Mistress  
returns us with Love.*

**A**FTER all, the great difficulty which remains, is how to discern whether the Love which is pretended be real, and whether a true Passion be not repayed onely by artifice. The usual flattery of our selves, does commonly betray us into an easie belief that we are beloved. There are few Ladies, how ugly soe're they are, yet when they consult their Glasses, do fancy some peculiar grace or other, capable enough to conquer more than one single heart : and few Gallants, who do not imagine something extraordinary in their persons and deportment worthy  
of

of esteem. This Self-opinion contributes so much to their being deceived, that it is not onely in vain, but injurious for a man to perswade his Friend with Arguments drawn from any imperfection in himself, not to be too credulous in this Affair.

First, we must observe well and attentively all the motions of her eyes; it is by them that we most usually discover the state of her Heart, how exquisite soe're she be in dissimulation. These ardent and indiscreet Libertines cannot retain her secrets, and they cannot long dissemble; for the more they strive to conceal it, the more they make it appear.

'Tis not very easie for a Lover to endure the brightness of the eyes of his Mistress; for they usually imprint so much fear, that the most bold cannot behold

them long without trembling: but maugre this respectful fear, we must regard fixedly those fair eyes, and hearken attentively to their Language, since it is by them chiefly that we can come to the knowledge of her Heart.

Observe then first, if her Looks be sweet and languishing: for nothing so much manifests the state of a Heart, as the languishing of the Eyes.

Yet though this languishing does not appear, we must not presently conclude that our Mistress has not Love in her heart; for sometime the eye is grave, when the heart is sensible: though it is an undoubted Mark that the Heart is touched, when her Looks are sweet and languishing.

If then we do not observe it, we must not be repulsed by that, for there are a thousand other  
Marks



Marks which will make known the state of the Heart.

We may conceive great hopes, when we find our Mistress confus'd at our presence, and to speak in disorder and unusual constraint in her actions, proceeding from an endeavour to appear more agreeable in her conversation and behaviour. This amiable Constraint is very different from the ordinary Affectation of those pert and impertinent *Melantha's*, which is so tedious and ridiculous; and it is very distinguishable from that want of breeding and bashful simplicity of young Country-Ladies: and indeed, that Love is very much to be suspected, which does not produce these kind of disorders and confusions.

From hence it is, that the very name of her we love, causes such an emotion as doth easily disco-

ver the Sentiments which we endeavour industriously to conceal.

X Love may work many of these effects, and yet not be absolutely perfect or refin'd; therefore let us carefully examine whether Ambition or Avarice make not up part of its Composition: for if it have these ingredients, a Lover cannot promise himself to be longer happy than he is fortunate; for that love is only nourished by Plenty, and is blasted by the frowns of Fortune: But he who loves truly and as he ought, sacrifices his Ambition and Avarice to his love.

*For Love, a Lover doth all things forgo;  
None can adore his Gold and Mistress too.  
He who himself doth to Love's Altar bring,  
Thinks all he has too cheap an Offering;  
He*

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*He doth his Gold and such base thrift  
despise,*

*Offering with that, his Blood a Sacrifice.*

*He in whose Heart so noble a flame doth  
rule,*

*His Mistress to preserve would lose his Soul.*

If then we finde any remains  
of these two Passions, we may  
conclude that Love has not made  
an absolute conquest; for where  
it reigns entirely, it sweetens all  
conditions, and the worst tra-  
verses of Fortune are not able to  
lessen it, but contribute to its  
growth: the constancy of each  
begets a mutual pity, which en-  
dears them one to the other, and  
strengthens that Chain which  
links their Hearts and Fortunes  
together: So true is that part of  
the Song:

*He whose Love's true, and whose Passion  
is strong,*

*Shall never die wretched, but always be  
happy.*

Therefore when we see a Lover whose cares are all employed for her he loves, and in all things to prefer his Mistress's satisfaction and happiness before his own, and with a dis-interested Zeal to offer his heart at Loves Altar; a Lady may safely accept his Love, and hope with Reason a true and durable Felicity.

The greatest part of this fair Sex, and above all, those fierce and haughty fair ones, are very exquisite in disguising of it; and it is not easie to discover their true Sentiments, how much soe'er they are touched: but it is certain, that the less they make it appear, the more is Love in their Hearts, which at last breaks over all their Constraint, and forces them to confess their Defeat. Therefore let not a Gallant be discomfited after many Repulses, and though after many Attacks he

he finds no hopes of surrender.

1.

*What if thy Phillis seems severe,  
Do not despair.  
In the soft Language of thy eyes,  
Tell her, for her thou dies;  
And for her Favours amarusly press:  
Courage in Love hath always best success.*

2.

*Fear not; thy constant Flame  
Will in her Heart create the same:  
In all thy pain, Inquietude, and Care,  
Phillis at length will share.  
And whilst of freedom she doth boast,  
She finds her liberty is lost.  
She'll seem thy Passion to despise,  
When Love doth languish in her eyes.*

3.

*Under a tranquil Face, and gentle Eyes,  
Loves secret fire may burn,  
And in as bright a Flame arise  
As under the sad looks of those  
Whose mortal Paleness shows  
As if they were reviv'd just from an  
Urn.*

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*And though the Flame doth not so high ascend,*

*It may a heat more ardent lend.*

*If then in Phillis Face thou spies (Eyes,  
This Coldness, and this Calmness in her  
Believe her Face and Look her Heart be-  
lyes.*

4.

*In vain thou dost her Cruel call,*

*And foolishly accuse,*

*In saying she's insensible*

*To all thy Amorous Vows. (posed;*

*A Woman's Heart is well to Love dis-*

*And though her modest Lips are closed,*

*Her Heart is soft, and tender is her Soul;*

*Yet Fear and Shame*

*May long conceal.*

*And secret keep the Amorous Flame*

*Which at the length her eyes reveal,*

*When 'tis no longer subject to controul.*

Some Ladies are so jealous of the discovery of their Love, that they seldome speak of the man they love, without railing against him, and censuring this or that in him; but this they do with so ill an Air, that it may be easily dis-

discerned they take no delight in being compli'd with, or to have the company of the same opinion.

In many different ways doth this Passion make its Eruptions; but after all, the eyes are the first discoverers of it: and he that is well read in that Language, will quickly discern what Advances he makes in his Mistress's Heart.

To enumerate all the Symptoms of it, I should seem to speak of it as *Burton* in his *Melancholy*, as a Sickness or Distemper, a Feavour or a Calenture; not as that noble Fire which inflames us to all brave and generous Actions, and which lights us in the Paths of Glory and Vertue.

I shall leave a Lover to consider well of the nature of Love, and of the ensuing Reflections; and then I presume he will stand

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in need but of very few more  
Instructions.

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CHAP. VIII.

*Important reflections upon Love,  
and the Conduct of Lovers.*

I.

**A** Lover must presume upon himself, when he sees a fair Lady, he must believe that all things are possible to him.

2.

The curiosity to see a fair Lady, is one of the great commencements of Love; and the more strong it is, by so much Love hath taken the deeper root.

3.

When we have a long time combated with Love, and that  
it.



it forces us to yield, we must not say to her we love, that we submitted by Force, but by Choice.

4.

Sometimes we are afraid to become Amorous, & do not perceive that we are more afraid of a Lady not to see her again; by this we may conclude that we love, maugre our ridiculous and unprofitable Fear.

5.

When we love a Lady too proud or fierce, and that we cannot enfranchise our selves, we endure a cruel torment: For we cannot live without seeing her; nor see her without sighing for her; nor sigh without telling her our love; nor declare it without deserving death.

## 6.

How fierce soever a Lady is, when a Lover that she esteems hath once gained a little credit upon her Heart, she begins to doubt if it be a crime to love.

## 7.

We believe always the last what we most fear; and a Soul accustomed to fly what wounds it, doth not believe it feels the ill when it presses it; and it is so inclin'd to flatter it self, that even when it feels it, it endeavours to doubt it.

## 8.

Love is an Imposture which seduces the Spirit; and the same Heart which searches after it, fears it: it distributes Blessings onely drop by drop; but it showres down Evils and Tears

in great Floods; but in the mean time it makes it self adored every where.

9.

When Jealousie has once taken possession of a Heart, nothing can stay the impetuous course of it: Innocence is criminal, the false appears true, and the true seems false; and by that, Love produces Hate.

10.

The right to be beloved, serves oft-times as and Obstacle against it; and Love is no more Love, when it becomes a Duty.

11.

The disorder of a Lover in a Declaration of love, is a great Eloquence; and when a Lover expresses himself well, it is a sign of little love.

## 12.

Distance of separation makes the pain of absence different; if it be not great, we are less sensible of regrets, because when a little space onely divides us from the Object loved, the Heart fails not to post thither without the Eyes.

## 13.

It is necessary that we our selves love, to know the effects of Love in another; and a Lady cannot know the torment of her Lover, if she become not a Lover as well as a Mistress.

## 14.

We must never declare our love by the means of a Friend; for to express our Passion well, the party must be sensible of love himself.

## 15.

15.

It is hard to prove that we love much, when the Heart doth not agree with our Words.

16.

Love and Fortune seldom make one and the same man happy; and whosoever is cared for by one, ought to fear the other.

17.

When a Lady is of Royal Blood, she ought not to hearken to a Lover unworthy of her blood, what ills soever she resents from that hard constraint.

18.

Love and Majesty accords but ill; for what one follows, the other flies. Love cannot suffer noise nor Witnesses; when it is.  
upon.

upon a Throne, it is in constraint;  
the higher it sees it self, the more  
it fears; and since it is a Childe,  
too great splendor doth affright  
it.

## 19.

Jealousie sometimes proves a  
remedy for Love, by the great  
Torments which it creates.

## 20.

When one is so little jealous,  
that he discerns not that he is  
so, he keeps no guard upon him-  
self, but permits it unawares to  
appear in many of his actions;  
but when he is jealous to that  
height that he perceives it, a  
wise Lover doth all he can to  
conceal it, and to lock up his  
Jealousie within himself, till he  
become Master of it: But oft-  
times there is mixt so much  
fierceness in that feigned indiffe-  
rence

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rence wherewith he hides this Passion, that it is easily discernable that it proceeds from a jealous-despite, by which means he betrays himself.

21.

A jealous Lover cannot hear either good or ill of his Mistress, without equal displeasure; so capricious is Love.

22.

All the little devoirs which a Lover pays to his Mistress, speak for him; mingled sighs, and a glance of the Eye, and a thousand other little amorous actions expose the Souls of two Lovers, to each other.

23.

To be silent in the beginning of an Amour, is in effect to speak much.

24.

When Love is strong, and is forbid to speak, it acts, speaks, and shews it self through the eyes.

25.

He who can weep in Love, when he ought to weep, is Master of a Heart.

26.

When we are disposed to begin an Amour, we must make our Addresses to one of the most fain and most witty; and if we please such a one, all others will esteem us the more. And this is the means to gain an hundred Mistresses, and to serve but one.

27.

When a Lover is very passionate, far from murmuring at his Suf-



Sufferings, he wishes that he had more than one Heart, that he might suffer more : for a true Lover feels no Torments; or if he do, he seems in love with them.

28.

A Heart which knows how to love truly, creates it self a thousand Pleasures from indifferent things; even its Grief is pleasing to it.

29.

There is no Crime that a true Lover does not pardon; and there is not any who loves truly, who had not rather suffer the punishment the Crime of his Mistress deserves, than to see her exposed to it.

30.

The least Repentance always finds pardon from a Lover. 31.

## 31.

Amongst Lovers there are a thousand little different things, which render the one Content, and the other Unquiet; Jealousies, Displeasures, short Despites, sudden Repentances, sweet Remembrances, and pleasing Interviews, in secret places.

## 32.

When two Lovers make a final Breach, if the Lady has received any Presents, she ought not to keep them; nor ought her Lover to demand them again.

## 33.

There is much prudence to be us'd by a Gallant in the Presents he makes to his Mistress, otherwise he will loose more than profit by them: a profuse Gift obliges not, but the grace and manner  
of

of giving is preferr'd before the Present, as to loose something at Play to disguise the Present; but a liberal Fool seems to give an Alms when he makes rich Presents, and gives so out of season that it displeases.

34.

The words *I love*, offer too much violence to the modesty of a Lady: a Lover must find terms more sweet to avow his Love.

35.

A fine Raillery hath great success in their Conversation: when the Conversation languishes, a little Raillery pleases the most serious; it dissipates Melancholy, and brings joy into the Heart and Face. Every one hearkens with pleasure to Witty things spoke to the purpose, and which are said without premeditation; but

we must fly Buffonrie and Slandering : the Phrase must have nothing low nor insolent ; it must  
 X be express'd with a gallant and agreeable Air, and much Modesty and Civility in all our Actions,

## 36.

When a crafty Mistris sees her Lover about to forsake her, she recalls him by flattering language, and studied Cajolleries : She appeases the greatest Fury, and rekindles the extinguishing Flame. By an amorous Glance, and by counterfeit Smiles, all this is easie to her ; and Love makes up the Peace betwixt her and her Lover : and as after War we better taste the sweets of Peace, so a re-conquered Lover loves better than ever.

37:

One cannot be in love, but one time or other there will happen some little Angers betwixt two Lovers, and that is most commonly for things of a trivial nature : If any Grief arise from it, it is a Crime to conceal it, nay, even it is sweet to complain : After an earnest and amorous Contest, the Lovers laugh, and agree, and with pleasure at last see that neither of 'em are injured.

38.

At the beginning when a Lady is touched by Love, though she will quickly know it, she dare not name it; and her Heart, which is sensible of the fire, will suffer it, but not confess it : It feigns to be ignorant of its Malady, for fear of being obliged to apply a reme-

dy ; it makes a secret of the name of its Conquerour , for fear it should alarm her modesty and shame.

39.

That foolish Passion must be shunn'd, which blemishes our Glory: not that we ought to have a Heart as hard as a Rock, and impenetrable to Love ; but it ought to be hardned by Vertue when Love is contrary to it.

40.

There is nothing so easie, as to know the secret of a Lover ; his regards are always indiscreet ; he cannot feel a great Fire in his Heart, without giving some outward marks of it ; and even that constraint and endeavour to conceal his sighs, is oftentimes that which makes it divined what is in his Heart : We take

no notice of an ordinary sigh ;  
but when one seems afraid to  
sigh, and strives to suppress them,  
it is easily guessed, that this cau-  
tion conceals Love.

41.

When a Lover desires to con-  
ceal that he loves, his Tongue  
must be ignorant of his desires,  
lest it betray him : his Heart  
must not give any confidence to  
his Eyes or Sighs ; all his Vows  
must be mute, and all his love  
locked up in his Heart.

42.

When a Lady is betrayed by  
her Lover, she weeps when she  
disputes about taking revenge ;  
she sees that if her ingrateful  
Lover perish, she must perish  
too : Thus Hate, Love, Rage,  
and Tenderneſs, ſucceſſively tri-  
umph in her Soul ; ſhe finds

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her self both a Lover and an Enemy at the same time; when her *despite* increases, her *Passion* augments: and though her Lover hath betrayed her, yet he appears still amiable; and in this distraction she can neither love nor hate.

43.

The designe of being revenged upon a Lover that hath betrayed us, serves as a *Vertue*, though it be criminal; for Love and Anger will combate each other, and we may hope they will destroy each other.

44.

When we remain in silence in the presence of her we love, *Love* speaks for us; but the misfortune is, all Ladies do not understand the language of *Love*.

45.



45.

When a Lover loves without being beloved again, he suffers alone; but when he is beloved, the Ills and Blessings are divided betwixt them.

46.

A Lady is injurious to her Lover, if she believe he hath all he desires when he ceases to complain; for when she hears him sigh, she ought to be assured he still wants something.

47.

When our Mistress commands us to do any thing, nothing should hinder us from giving a blinde obedience. *Love* is above all; and when it speaks, we must not hear any other.

48.

48.

When a fair Lady accepts the Vows of her Lover, the happiness that he tastes is so excessive, that he doubts whether she speak sincerely or not; so much his Reason doth oppose his Belief, and surprized with so much felicity, he doubts whether he be awake or no; and his Ravishment takes from him the liberty to express his Joy, and to return his thanks to his Mistress.

49.

When a Lover apprehends the infidelity of his Mistress, his Constancy almost forsakes him; and the most great Heart is oppressed with such great displeasures, that the most resolute Virtue loses all its power; and when he loves perfectly, Death would trouble him less than such a surprise.

50.

50.

The Fair suffer great regrets when they have pass'd their youth without loving, and when they love upon their declining: for 'tis then out of season; and Love will not fail to revenge himself soon or late, and then laughs at them.

51.

An old man cannot love without being scott at; for certainly a wrinkled Forehead mingles but a very lamentable Charm with fine sayings.

52.

To live without loving, is not to live at all; and we onely can say we live, whilst we love: the Sun sets and rises every day, the Spring-time renews every year; but the destiny of the Fair is very cruek when their fair Eyes do once  
lose

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lose their lustre, and are closed by death, they will be eternally so.

53.

When one loves a fair Lady who hath forsaken another, though the disgrace of the other pleases a new Lover, yet he hath reason to be disquieted at it; and how firmly establisht so e're he be in the heart of that Mistress, yet he ought to fear his good fortune, when that Mistress is fickle and vain; and be afraid that he may lose what he has gained, as well as the other.

54.

A Lover who sees himself betrayed by his Mistress, cannot better revenge himself than in making his Love yield to his Reason.

55.

A Lover ought not to kill his  
Rival

Rival, to revenge himself of an unfaithful Mistress; for the pleasure he receives from his Vengeance, affords but false Sweets, which are accompanied with bitterness: the death of a Rival, the Tears of an ingrateful Woman, have something in them which at present flatters him; but when he at the same time sees himself more hated than he was before, he finds his Soul tortured by an eternal regret of his Crime, and wounded most by his own vengeance.

56.

A fair Lady loves not but with repugnance, because she believes every one ought to pay her homage

57.

When despire proceeds from a great love, we say we hate, but yet we love.

58.

58.

A Lady who doth not appear angry when she hath reason to be so, is more to be feared than one who makes a great noise.

59.

When we quit a Mistress for another, and yet the first continues her love to us, we become very miserable: for we cannot chuse but have a great compassion for her, and regret for our own ingratitude.

60.

To judge well of the Heart of a Lady, we must see her rarely in publick: for if she make her love very much appear, it is known of all the World; if she conceal it, we believe she has no love at all: and thus we shall never be satisfied.

**F I N I S.**

